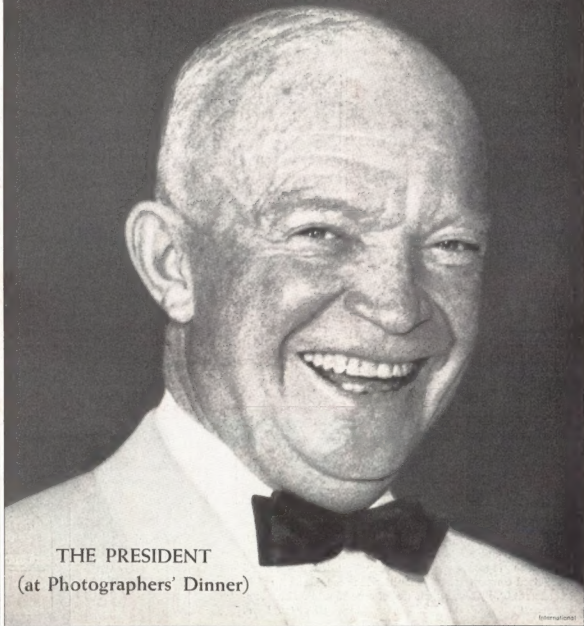


TWENTY CENTS

JUNE 18, 1956

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



THE PRESIDENT
(at Photographers' Dinner)

International

\$6.00 A YEAR

ISSN: 0020-7179

VOL. LXVII NO. 25

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full-size
REFRIGERATOR
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a
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FREEZER
8.5 cu. ft.

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refrigerator
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NEW MAYTAG

All this in one space-saving unit: full-size refrigerator has roll-out shelves—automatic defrosting—9 special food compartments with proper temperature in each. Full-size freezer has 5 specialized compartments—sharp-freezes food, keeps it safely at constant 0°. By Maytag, makers of over 10 million home appliances. See your dealer. *The Maytag Company, Newton, Iowa.*

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B.F. Goodrich Tubeless —because you're only as safe as your tires



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For the ultimate in protection, Nylon-Plus LIFE-SAVERS give the added strength of nylon—world's best protection against blowouts started by bruising impacts. Be safe this summer. Switch to LIFE-SAVER Tubeless today, regardless of the condition of your present tires. Your B. F. Goodrich retailer is giving highest trades right now. Find him listed in the Yellow Pages under "Tires". You can get terms as low as \$1.00 DOWN at most retailers.

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A Division of The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

LIFE-SAVERS PROTECT AGAINST BRUISE-BLOWOUTS, PUNCTURES



LIFE-SAVERS protect against bruise-blowouts. A patented inner liner, part of the tire, slows air loss. Instead of a blowout, you get only a safe s-s-slowout (above right) that gives you time to stop.



LIFE-SAVERS seal punctures, nail in or out. Unlike other tubeless, their patented sealant gets an airtight grip on puncturing nails. Seals hole *permanently* when nail is pulled.

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15½ million* men and women "live by the book"

"Living by the Book" is no abstraction!

It's always something definite and concrete—to *do*, to *make*, to *buy*. It's Dad fixing a leaky faucet. It's Mom laying out a rose bed or planning a patio buffet supper for family and friends. It's Sis doing her room over. It's Junior dreaming about the portable outdoor barbecue Dad's been hinting at. It's a family conference on a combination *vacation-uranium* hunt first seen in the Book!



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spark for the warm friendly fire that burns everywhere on America's hearthstones!



Isn't this the way you use it?

*15,500,000 people read an average issue of BH&G! One-third of the 123,800,000 people 10 years of age and older in the U.S. read one or more of every 12 issues. That's 44,150,000 people—and over 40% of them are men!

...and the book is **Better Homes and Gardens!**

4,250,000 DELIVERED COPIES EACH MONTH



during the year...

1/3 of America reads Better Homes and Gardens!

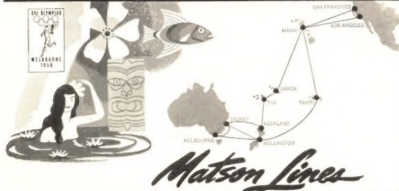
Meredith Publishing Company, Des Moines 3, Iowa

*A 12-Months' Study of BH&G Readers, Alfred Politz Research, Inc., 1956



The new **MARIPOSA** and **MONTEREY** to New Zealand and Australia via Hawaii and the South Seas

Renewing a famous prewar service, Matson's smart, new liners **MARIPOSA** and **MONTEREY** will follow new trails through the romantic South Seas beginning this Fall. They will provide sailings every 24 days from California to New Zealand and Australia. Completely air-conditioned and with all accommodations in first class, these superb ships will make cruising bright with gaiety and fine living and fill your days ashore with fascinating travel adventure. Fares are surprisingly moderate and special itineraries can be readily arranged. See your Travel Agent or any Matson office.



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THE OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

LETTERS

New Signs in the South

Sir:

The cool beauty and grandeur of your June 4 Southern scenes and the captions describing what happened there should help outsiders see why we Southerners so easily let sentiment cloud our wrongheaded race thinking. The richheaded thinking of my alma mater (Spring Hill College)—noted in your Education section—is a source of deep pride—and a tangible sign that sentiment can be overcome. This issue of your magazine is symbolic: men from the Hill, which graduated Mrs. Motley, a Negro, fought in the pictured Civil War battles. There is a new South!

WM. JUNKIN, S.J.

Saint Mary's College
Saint Marys, Kansas

Report on Puerto Rico

Sir:

It would be hard to measure the extent to which *TIME*'s recognition of our struggle here spurs the people of Puerto Rico in their efforts to improve their economic position. It would also be hard to measure our appreciation of the outstanding job done by your correspondent and the editors of *TIME* for their May 14 article. My sincerest thanks.

LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN
Governor

San Juan, P.R.

S. for Something

Sir:

TIME, May 28, says "Harry S. (for Swinomish) Truman." Is that a bit of humor lost on me? My biographical material says that "S" alone is used because the Truman family was unable to agree upon whether it really stood for Shippe or Solomon.

MRS. L. A. STODDARD

Logan, Utah

¶ The Truman middle initial originally stood for nothing. Recently an

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to *TIME* & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME
June 16, 1956

Volume LXVII
Number 25

TIME, JUNE 16, 1956

BOTH FREE! with a NEW MEMBERSHIP in The Heritage Club:

THE ODYSSEY AND THE ILIAD

OF HOMER

When the membership rolls close again
—as they must in a few short weeks!—
you will be glad you seized this opportunity
to obtain a unique collection of the world's
classics, especially illustrated by the greatest
artists and well printed on special papers—
for the same price as rental library novels!

▶ THE STORY of the travels of Ulysses is of course divided into two parts, *The Iliad* forming the first part, *The Odyssey* the second. Together, they are often referred to as "the first great novel." Pope's translation is one of the great poems of his century. The classical drawings which John Flaxman made in illustration are among the great drawings of the world. Now, in these two volumes, they have been gathered together for the first time!

These two big, almost enormous, quarto volumes were, when first distributed, among the greatest successes of The Heritage Club. They have been out-of-print for nearly a dozen years. Because of the great demand from the members, the directors of the Club have now re-issued both volumes. AND—they have decided to present both volumes to each person who applies for a new membership in the Club as a result of reading this advertisement!

NOW YOU MAY KNOW—indeed, you should know—that the membership rolls of The Heritage Club are not always open for new members. When this does happen, you are offered an unusual opportunity which you should seize.

The members of The Heritage Club regularly come into possession of those "classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." They come into possession of books beautifully illustrated and beautifully designed, printed on papers tested to assure a life of at least two centuries, bound and boxed.

And the members obtain these books for the same price that they are called upon to pay for ordinary rental library novels! Each member pays only \$3.95 for each book—or even as low as \$3.55 each if he pays for the books in advance!

Now a handsome Prospectus is being prepared for the Twenty-first Series.

If you apply in time, you will be able to obtain books like these:

Carlyle's *The French Revolution* illustrated with paintings made in Paris by Bernard Lamotte; and *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea* illustrated with colored gravures by Edward A. Wilson; and Dostoevsky's *The Idiot* illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg; and *The Last Days of Pompeii* illustrated with engravings made in the ruins of Pompeii by Kurt Craemer; and

Dickens' *Dombey and Son* illustrated by Henry C. Pitz; and *Peer Gynt*; and *The Voyage of the Beagle*...

These are only a few of the titles!

Yet, if it should happen that you do not desire to have any of these books, you are given a list of fifty Heritage books-in-print from which to select substitutions!

THERE HAVE BEEN great book bargains before, of course, and there will be again. But it seems safe to say that never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain than this been offered to wise buyers of books.

Indeed, you are now invited to put that statement to the test! If you will fill out the coupon printed below and mail it to The Heritage Club, you will be sent a copy of the descriptive Prospectus. Also, one of the remaining new memberships will be reserved for you—and presentation copies of *The Odyssey* and *The Iliad*, too!



Reservation Coupon

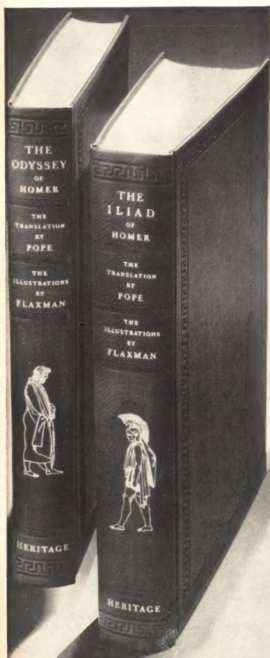
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chose **BLUE CROSS**
protection for
State employees!*

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Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
says this of Blue Cross:



"In my Annual Message in January 1955, I proposed to the Legislature to enact a law that would help State employees meet hospital and medical expenses. The Legislature, after study of this problem, enacted into law Chapter 628. Under this law, the State Employees' Group Insurance Commission awarded the hospital and medical contract for 33,000 employees to Blue Cross-Blue Shield. Thus, Massachusetts became the first State in the Union to offer this protection to its employees."

Blue Cross Plans, serving locally coast to coast, bring Americans this famed program for prepayment of hospital care... the only one officially approved by the American Hospital Association.

THE SPECIAL advantages of Blue Cross protection are recognized today in all fields of employment. And the fact that more than 50,000,000 Americans have become Blue Cross members—mostly through employee groups—indicates how successfully this service meets their needs.

The Blue Cross aim is unique. Local Blue Cross Plans everywhere have the same objective: to provide for *needed hospital care*, rather than just dollars. A *"partnership"* with local hospitals makes possible this practical kind of service. To get care, a member simply presents his Blue Cross card when he enters a participating hospital. The Plan then pays the hospital directly. This is

one reason why Blue Cross Plans alone are officially approved by the American Hospital Association.

Saves work for management. By handling details of payment directly with hospitals, local Blue Cross Plans spare employers time and expense in filing claims and following up cases.

The cost is low. Each local Blue Cross Plan is organized not for profit. Every cent paid in, except for low administrative expenses, is set aside to pay hospital bills. To give fullest value, costs and benefits are locally set to meet local needs and conditions.

A flexible service. Blue Cross protection is easily adapted to special requirements of employee benefit programs in both large and small companies. Also, through simple arrangements, the employee may continue his Blue Cross membership after retirement.

For complete facts on Blue Cross, contact your local Blue Cross Plan. Or write Blue Cross Commission, Dept. 408, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Ill.

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LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

SUNKIST GROWERS, INC.



BLUE CROSS

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The American Hospital Association

honorary one was provided by Washington State's Swinomish Indian tribe and formally accepted by the former President (TIME, Dec. 19).—Ed.

Cheating Made Easy

Sir:

I enjoyed your May 28 story on exam cheating in Spain. However, I do wonder if your Education editor ever attended an American university. I have attended four universities, and in two of them cheating was the accepted way of passing exams. Wherever a school retains the fraternity system, you are likely to have cheating; American fraternities keep the tradition alive as a means of protecting the academic records of their membership and a powerful means of attracting pledges. Their exhibits of *chuletas* [literally, cutlet] are just as good as José Suárez'—though not as public.

MAUS V. DARLING

Tappan, N.Y.

Sir:

When I was a student I had two dreads: math and science. For science I wrote the formulae on my fingernails; for mathematics I wrote them on a circular piece of paper, slipped under the crystal of my wristwatch. Result: I never flunked. Note to students: I have not patented these cutlets.

WILLIAM HARVEY

West Hartford, Conn.

Sir:

Chuletas were in use at Cambridge in Bret Harte's time. Witness the unknown parody on a student caught in the ancient history examination:

*In the crown of his cap
Were the Furies and Fates
And an excellent map
Of the Dorian States;
And in both of his palms
They discovered
What is common in palms—
That is, dates.*

KENT CURTIS

Grand Rapids, Minn.

Sir:

Your article indicates poor taste concerning the way in which the whole matter is treated. Spanish students have to face a tremendous competition when they want to get into the university. Vacancies are scarce and some boys try four or five years before they can get in. Thus the *chuleta* becomes a necessity. Having studied in Spain, I know what it is like.

JAIME ZOBEL DE AYALA

Harvard College
Cambridge, Mass.

Yorkton's Pride

Sir:

In a fine story about Sardinia [May 21] you state the anopheles mosquito was driven out of the island and the war against malaria was successful, but you do not name the man who did this. In charge was Dr. John Logan, working with the Rockefeller Foundation. Here in his home town of Yorkton, Sask., we are rather proud of him, for at one time he was mentioned as Nobel Health Award winner for his great work in Sardinia.

STAN OBODIAC

Yorkton, Sask.

Whomogenized, Indeed

Sir:

I suffered an abrupt jolt to find, in your May 28 review of Simone de Beauvoir's *The Mandarins*, an example of whomogenized



*And to help State employees
meet doctor bills,
the choice was **BLUE SHIELD!***

Governor Herter of Massachusetts says, "In my Annual Message in January 1955, I proposed to the Legislature to enact a law that would help State employees meet hospital and medical expenses. The Legislature, after study of this problem, enacted into law Chapter 628. Under this law, the State Employees' Group Insurance Commission awarded the hospital and medical contract for 33,000 employees to Blue Cross—Blue Shield. Thus, Massachusetts became the first State in the Union to offer this protection to its employees."

Sponsored by doctors in their own local areas... Blue Shield Plans help people meet surgical-medical and maternity expenses.

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Miracle Film is the thin film of Quaker State Motor Oil that lubricates every moving part of your car's engine . . . cuts friction, prevents rust, corrosion, wear, and clogging deposits of all kinds. Only Quaker State has this *Miracle Film*. No wonder this years-ahead oil is used to test motors as advanced as those you will drive in the future. It's refined in exclusive Quaker State ways from Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. For your car, old or new, always ask for Quaker State by name. It's the world's finest motor oil—available everywhere.



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English such as it would have given me no pause to encounter in a less law-free publication. I do not know whom wrote that review, but I feel that him should be disabused of the notion that anyone's "daughter" strikes her fancy." Even the most licentious young lady would limit herself to going to bed only with whoever struck her fancy.

MURRAY GRUMETTE

Hollywood

¶ The mystery of the whim for whom remains a whodunit.—Ed.

Re-Enlistment Blues

Sir:

Your May 28 article aptly illustrates the fact that our armed forces are continuously losing the skilled specialists and trained personnel needed for an efficient, effective military organization. Low pay for highly specialized personnel, poor living conditions, and undue, unnecessary harassment of the rank and file are but a few of the conditions which make it impossible for military life to compete with civilian life for the cream of our nation's youth.

(SP. 3) HOWARD N. SILVERMAN

U.S. Army

Fort Lewis, Wash.

Sir:

As the wife of a serviceman, I would suggest the proposed bigger bonus, longer enlistment brain wave be buried in some dark hole. Granted that better pay is a stellar attraction of private industry, it is the living and working conditions the serviceman and his family must endure that make for the low re-enlistment rates. Few of us are born nomads; yet in five years of marriage, I have set up and torn down a household seven times. Five of these times were transfers to other stations.

REGINA S. MILLER

Detroit

Measuring Stick

Sir:

The May 28 issue of *TIME* carried the obit of Dr. Leo Spears, who was described as a "high flying quack" and an "anomaly." For a quack, Spears did some remarkably good work at his hospital despite his flamboyant methods. As one who knew him and had grown to understand the man, I bristle at this ridiculous measuring stick which prompts Spears to be called a quack.

LOUIS GARRETT, D.C.

Canton, Ohio

Sir:

Your harsh account is a brutal slap to the thousands who owe their health to this man and his "glassy" institution.

ORRIN K. WARD, D.C.

Denver

Sir:

Leo L. Spears was a chiropractor. He may have been an anomaly. Neither make him a member of the medical profession.

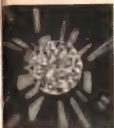
ED FRANKEL

Inglewood, Calif.

U-Usage

Sir:

I think that for an American magazine you handled the question of U and non-U speech [May 21] splendidly. But there is one aspect of this enthralling subject which seems to me to have been generally overlooked: the U attitude, around which a whole school of humor has grown up. The classic story of this school is, I believe, the following: A young officer who had lived through the Battle of Dunkirk was being urged by his



No other gift expresses you so well

Your good taste is underscored by the radiant beauty of a diamond.

Your deep regard is reflected by the prestige of this distinguished gem.

Your sound judgment is pointed up, for a diamond possesses inherent value that is as enduring as time itself.

Your achievement as a man of substance is indicated by the gift of a diamond, most prized of the world's gems.

This year, let a diamond make memorable that special anniversary, or important birthday, a debut, the birth of a child, or any significant event.



1/6 carat
\$225 to \$400



1 carat
\$570 to \$1150



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3 carats
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Color, cutting and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser. Prices shown quoted for representative jewellers for top-grade unmounted diamonds, April, 1966. Add tax. Exceptionally fine stones are higher.

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The Flavor of Paris is in every drop!



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Don't forget to drink it!
Every occasion
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or highest in quality)
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Delicious!

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PACIFIC
 SAN FRANCISCO
 LOS ANGELES
 PASADENA
CANADA
 MONTREAL
 TORONTO
 NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.
 HAMILTON, ONT.

hostess at a dinner party to describe his experiences. With a shudder he replied: "The noise, my dear! And the people!"

MARY STRICKLAND

New York City

Sir:

Enjoyed the story on Nancy Mitford. *Précieuse* few are U these days.

B. BECK

Champaign, Ill.

Gremlins Answered

Sir:

I would like to thank you for the June 4 story on our radio operations; however, a little gremlin must have been at work—and he succeeded in transposing the call letters of our Omaha station. They are KOWH—being derived from the Omaha *World Herald*, the original owners of the station. On our station in Minneapolis, you batted 50%, one time referring to it as WGDY, another place as WDGY. The latter is right.

TODD STORZ

President

Mid-Continent Broadcasting Co.
 Omaha

Sir:

Enjoyed your story about R. Todd Storz, King of Giveaway. KOWH is one of the finest stations to listen to because of its music and news, and its commercials are often a riot to listen to.

L. D. BAUGHAN

Lincoln, Neb.

Non-Skid Row

Sir:

Novelist Nelson Algren, according to *TIME*, May 28, is convinced that "Skid Row makes the choicest book fodder." Does it? Am I the only one who is weary of problem novels about problem people and of stories that suggest fun and games are to be had only extramaritally? Mr. Algren would refuse to attend the wedding of Marjorie Morningstar to The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit. Why should I have to officiate at the agonies of his Man with the Golden Arm?

PAMELA M. LOWRY

Toronto

Navy Knots

Sir:

I thought that your May 21 article on Admiral Arleigh Burke was excellent; there has been a little contention here concerning the cover. We are wondering if the line around the Admiral's picture has 31 knots in it or not; there are 27 knots visible, but others may be obscured by the yellow band in the upper right-hand corner.

THOS. LEE ALLMAN JR.

Midshipman '57

Annapolis, Md.

Sir:

For a taut cover shouldn't there be 31 knots?

CONSTANCE L. OLINDER

Summit, N.J.

Q The missing four are adrift behind that yellow bulkhead.—Ed.

Happy Returns

Sir:

Many thanks for the mention of my opera, *The Birthday of the Infanta*, in your issue of May 28. The "happy returns" are already coming in with eleven performances in the offing, publication and recording. A small correction, though—my age is 26.

RON NELSON

Rochester

LIBERTY MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you



Danger in the air ...but only the Liberty man spotted it!

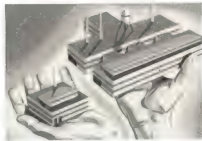
WHILE making his regular inspection of a policyholder's factory, a Liberty Mutual Industrial Hygienist noticed that one department had switched to a new process involving chemicals. His experience warned him of the possibility of toxic gases — so he immediately took air samples.

Chemical analysis showed that the air was contaminated enough to endanger nearby workers. The hygienist devised a practical way to eliminate the hazard. That was the end of it. Last year field hygienists sent more than 3,000 air samples to Liberty's central laboratory and examined thousands on location. Local Industrial Hygiene service like this is just one

part of Liberty Mutual's proved Medical and Health Program that does so much to help you reduce the cost of compensation insurance



LIBERTY ALSO STUDIES NOISE AND FATIGUE. Both create compensation losses through illness and accidents. Both figure in absenteeism. Liberty scientists, at their research center at Hopkinton, Mass., have found ways to correct these hazards.



ANY SIZE COMPANY CAN SAVE MONEY through Liberty's unique medical and health program. This comprehensive program reduces insurance costs by preventing loss and reducing disability when accidents occur. Complete story in free book.



INSURANCE FOR: AUTOMOBILE, LIABILITY, FIRE, WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION, ACCIDENT AND HEALTH, GROUP, INLAND MARINE, OCEAN MARINE, CRIME



"We ruined \$3,500 worth

BUT EVERY TRIPLE-TEMPERED 3-T NYLON CORD TIRE STOOD UP!"

When Texas oil drillers yell for equipment—you get it in pronto, or they get another trucker!

And that's a situation that murders tires.

You see, oil strikes are often far off the highway—and in terrible terrain—and equipment can't wait for road building. Many times, a bulldozer breaks trail—and overloaded trucks bump in right after it!

You can't avoid big loads—for some equipment can't be split up—and a single motor-and-pump unit weighs up to 109,000 pounds!

But no matter—stuff's needed pronto—and the hauler must get through.

So the big oil field hauler, quoted in headline above, rushed in 15 flatbeds and dollies, most of the rigs pay loaded with 90,000 to 109,000 pounds.

Only a 30-mile run—but so rough that a rocky, six-mile stretch of dry river bed was the best part of it!

When you sandwich truck tires between such footing and such loads, it can cost plenty. It cost this trucker \$3,500 in tires destroyed in one haul—but it proved something that's since *saved* him many times \$3,500:

About half of the tires on those 15 vehicles were Goodyear Triple-Tempered 3-T Nylon Cord—AND NOT A SINGLE ONE FAILED!

Buy and Specify

GOOD

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK



of other tires getting in—

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Since then, his records show average tire mileage increased over 50% before recaps!

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Dear TIME-Reader:

ON the following two pages are pictured most of the 127 part-time reporters who, with 39 full-time staff correspondents in the U.S., make up TIME's domestic news service, headed by Chief of Correspondents Lawrence Laybourne. Including as they do reporters, news editors, city editors and even a few managing editors, these "stringers" (an old newspaper name for correspondents paid on the basis of pasted-up strings of their clippings) might well comprise a bluebook of the U.S. working press.

TIME chose these special correspondents for their professional skill as well as for a firsthand knowledge of their cities and regions. Their job is to alert TIME's editors to spot news of national interest, and to keep them informed on upcoming events and on the changing grass-roots moods of the country.

Any week a dozen or more of

these reporters will be rooting out the facts for a single TIME story, or one of them may be filing, week after week, the running narrative for a story of worldwide importance. For example, no fewer than 43 stringers in 40 states—plus Alaska, the Virgin Islands and the Canal Zone—contributed to this week's political analysis of the Democratic position and the current line-up of first-ballot strength (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS, The Time of Maneuver).

First-class journalists, they quickly learn the ground rules for a good TIME story. Proof of this is in the adjoining masthead, which is heavily sprinkled with the names of former string correspondents, including about half the senior editors.

Here at TIME, we are proud of our long association with these working newsmen and newswomen, and I thought you would like to see who they are.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

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Surprising what a lot of good living is wrapped up in a good life insurance policy. Photographer Ken Hanson of the Austin (Minn.) Daily Herald can vouch for that. Since the Herald started its pension program for staff members, Ken has had a lot of question marks removed from his future. The Herald's setup is wonderfully simple—it's based on an insured pension plan with Northwestern National Life—and it has a lot to do with the remarkable sense of loyalty Herald staffers have for their employer. Any business, large or small, can take a cue from the Herald and reap the benefits of such a plan.

Every man knows how life insurance can provide for his family if he should die; but life insurance is for *living*, too. It can do many good things for businesses as well as individuals; it can create financial security overnight; it can help you cash in on opportunities as well as meet emergencies. Your NWNL agent will be glad to show you how a modern, *flexible* life insurance plan can help you get more out of life. You can rely on him to fit your life insurance to the job you want it to do—for your business, for yourself.

An actual case from our files. Copy, 1956
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

A Feeling of Unrest

The unrest that caused the President of the U.S. to begin tossing in his bed one midnight last week was soon felt around the world. Although the shock was less than it had been when he was stricken last fall, the reaction was another remarkable demonstration of how much the hopes and aims of the U.S. and the world are linked to the man who occupies the American presidency.

Some 4,000 miles to the east, sturdy old (80) Chancellor Konrad Adenauer of West Germany was a significant symbol of this interdependence. Preparatory to a long-planned trip to the U.S., Adenauer had just coped successfully with some of the basic problems vexing his government at home (see FOREIGN NEWS). By going to Washington he hoped to strengthen his position with the U.S. and thus with the world. But Washington meant Dwight Eisenhower: before boarding the plane, Adenauer was told of Eisenhower's illness, and his hopes fell. After he landed in New York, he was informed that he might yet keep his appointment with the President, and his hopes rose again.

The Eisenhower story pushed France's troubles in North Africa off the top position on front pages in Paris; in London, the Herald headlined FIVE SURGEONS GO TO IKE, the back page of *Sketch* proclaimed IKE: HEART EXPERT AT BEDSIDE and Page One of the *Mirror* asked WILL IKE NOW QUIT?

Special prayers were said in many churches in the U.S. and Canada. From the Vatican came a message from the Pope. Both Adlai Stevenson and New York's Governor Averell Harriman, leading candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination, issued statements hoping for the President's quick recovery. Out of Moscow came a get-well message from the Soviet Union's President Klement Voroshilov, Premier Nikolai Bulganin and Communist Party Boss Nikita Khrushchev.

For one and all, the reassuring word early this week was that Eisenhower was in "excellent" condition; his temperature, pulse and respiration were normal; his heart was not involved. Within 31 hours after surgery (see MEDICINE), he had begun walking (with help) about his hospital room. The total prognosis: "Rapid and complete recovery."



Edward Clark—Left

PRESS SECRETARY HAGERTY BREAKING THE NEWS TO CORRESPONDENTS
With a steel-grey dawn came word of success.

Health & Politics

Once again the question that had tantalized the world and haunted politicians for months was fuzzing the U.S. political picture. Will Ike run? His doctors said he could and some of his aides said he would, but until the President spoke for himself, the lingering doubt would be on the minds of most U.S. politicians.

Republicans, who felt sure of victory with Eisenhower, would certainly have their uneasy moments until they were again sure that they had Eisenhower. Democrats, who even before the operation had dreamed of winning against the President (by cutting into the Republican farm states, seizing at least one heavily urban state and winning back the South), were certain to place new hope in this arithmetic now. Moreover, if Ike runs, Democratic campaigners will be tempted to harp on the health issue. At a Democratic policy conference in Des Moines last week, Oklahoma's U.S. Senator Robert Kerr tried the tune: "There is danger and insecurity in uncertainty. The country already has suffered enough under a part-time Chief Executive. We know we cannot hope for security and stability in the future on such a basis."

Republicans were quick to point out that there are two sides to the issue, that the leading Democratic candidates have had their own bouts with illness and the surgeon's knife. In the past four years, Adlai Stevenson had had four stints in hospitals: for removal of a kidney stone a month before the Democratic National Convention in 1952, for treatment and then surgery for a second kidney stone in 1954 (he takes pills in the hope of preventing more stones), for a bout with bronchial pneumonia (five days in the hospital) in 1955. Missouri's U.S. Senator Stuart Symington underwent a nerve operation for the relief of high blood pressure and hypertension in 1947; New York's Governor Averell Harriman is now convalescing from a prostate operation that kept him in the hospital for 15 days. New York's G.O.P. State Chairman L. Judson Morhouse tried this tune: "From all indications, the President's operation apparently was no more serious than the kidney surgery undergone by Mr. Stevenson or the prostate surgery undergone last month by Harriman."

One point was clear: for the rest of the season the U.S. will have a new appreciation of the old uncertainties of health and politics.



BEFORE ATTACK. President Eisenhower views prizewinning picture of

himself displayed at dinner of White House News Photographers Association.

THE PRESIDENCY

"What a Bellyache!"

(See Cover)

In Operating Room 6 of Walter Reed General Hospital, a massive, bowl-shaped lamp bathed the operating table in its shadowless glare. Bending over the table with hawklike attentiveness were the four surgeons in their blue-green gowns, white skullcaps and masks, tersely and softly directing a team of 20 physicians, nurses and technicians. On the table, his breathing regular as he fell into a deep sleep, lay Dwight David Eisenhower, 65, 34th President of the U.S., undergoing major surgery to relieve an obstruction of the small intestine. Nearly two hours later, with a steel-grey dawn just breaking over Washington, came the announcement that the operation had been a success.

Around the world, editors remade their front pages still again to handle the bulletins. The President's operation had been decided upon without much warning at a midnight medical conference. It came as a final twist to a dramatic, tense, often confusing 32 hours that began on Thursday night, when the President attended the annual banquet of the White House News Photographers Association in Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel.

First Intimation. Ike had rarely seemed healthier or happier. In white jacket and black tie, he arrived at the Sheraton-Park shortly after 7 p.m., grinned and shook his way through a reception, sipping at a Scotch-on-the-rocks, then at part of another. His color was ruddy, perhaps higher than usual around the cheekbones. For dinner he skipped the thick soup on the regular menu, had instead a cup of clear consommé, which came more in line with his diet of 1,800 calories a day. He ate a small piece of *filet mignon* (without the

rich cream sauce ladled on for the other guests), bypassed his baked potato, nibbled at an unbuttered green vegetable, and talked to his photographer dinner companions on subjects ranging from painting to golf. Later, when the lights were turned low in the vast ballroom, the President settled back to enjoy the entertainment, rocked with laughter at the quips of Comedian Bob Hope, returned the jaunty wave of Negro Songstress Pearl Bailey. When it was time to leave, he took a few strides in the wrong direction, spun, and walked from the room so rapidly that the Secret Service men had to scurry to keep pace. As he entered his car he turned and asked if anyone wanted a ride. There were no takers. By 11 p.m. the President was back in the White House.

Less than two hours later, at 12:45 on Friday morning, came the first intimation of trouble.

Milk of Magnesia. Dr. Howard McCrum Snyder, the President's 75-year-old personal physician, was sleeping in his Connecticut Avenue apartment when the bedside telephone jangled. Over the wire came the voice of Mamie Eisenhower: the President was turning and tossing with a stomach-ache. What should she do? Old Army Man Snyder was unworried; his patient had a record of stomach complaints. He recommended a small dose of milk of magnesia, turned off his bed light and went back to sleep.

Thirty-five minutes later Mamie called again and asked: Would the doctor please come over? General Snyder dressed hurriedly and drove to the White House, about a mile away. He stayed at the

President's bedside for the rest of the night, while his patient dozed fitfully. Once, Snyder administered dextrose for strength-building purposes. For breakfast the President had a cup of tea with sugar. He was not in acute pain, but felt generally rotten, vomiting several times during the morning.

Not until 7:15 a.m. was White House Press Secretary James Hagerty notified of the President's bad night. Hagerty hastened to the White House, called Vice President Richard Nixon (who was dressing to come to an early-morning Cabinet meeting), and got ready to break the news to the press. The only reporter then in the White House, Associated Pressman Marvin Arrowsmith (see Press), was called into Hagerty's office. Hagerty, calm and unruffled, was waiting with a four-line statement, which he had just scribbled on a piece of yellow paper. This was the first of the many hurriedly-written, urgently-awaited bulletins that were to come that day:

The President had an upset stomach and headache. Dr. Snyder has been with him since early this morning. There is nothing wrong with his heart.

News men, who soon flooded into the White House, were not so sure about the President's heart; they recalled all too clearly that the President's heart attack in Denver last September had at first been described as a "digestive upset." As they clamored to see Hagerty, the tension grew in the White House. Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams walked into the office of his top deputy, Major General Wilton B.



DURING OPERATION. Radiologist Elmer A. Lodmell stands by with medical corpsmen outside operating room.

Persons, with the news, Attorney General Herbert Brownell and U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. arrived early for the Cabinet meeting, slipped away tight-lipped when told of the President's illness. Other Cabinet officers were informed by telephone.

Upset Upset. By the time newsmen finally jammed into Jim Hagerty's office, they were bursting with impatient questions. Hagerty himself was edgy, his forehead gleaming with sweat. He reread his original bulletin, then tried to cope valiantly, knowing precious little himself, with questions aimed principally at discovering whether Ike's heart was involved. ("I don't know how much clearer I can say it when I say there is nothing wrong with his heart.")

The stomach condition, he said, was best described as an "upset." But able Jim Hagerty to the contrary, it soon became starkly clear that the President's trouble was more than that. Before noon Howard Snyder called in Dr. Francis Pruitt, chief of medicine at Walter Reed, for consultation. Pruitt and Snyder examined the President again, came to a decision that brought forth the day's second headline-making bulletin:

The President has an attack of ileitis (inflammation of the lower portion of the small intestine). As a precautionary measure, he is being taken to Walter Reed Hospital this afternoon. His blood pressure and pulse are good. He has no fever. There is no indication of any heart trouble.

At 1 p.m. an olive-drab Army ambulance moved slowly through the south-

west White House gate and backed up to a door at the foot of the winding staircase from the White House south portico. Medical Corpsmen took out a stretcher and carried it into the White House. Reporters waited.

"It's John!" There was a 20-minute wait, broken when Mamie Eisenhower (accompanied by Presidential Army Aide Colonel Robert Schulz and Assistant White House Physician Walter Tkach) got into a limousine for the drive to the hospital. As the car paused at the gate before moving into West Executive Avenue, another car drew up and halted. Someone shouted: "It's John!" Major John Eisenhower, who had driven from his station at Fort Belvoir in nearby Virginia, jumped out and ran to his mother's car, pounding on the window and shouting: "Oh, mother!" Mamie, near tears and showing the strain, opened the door. John got in beside her, and the limousine headed for Walter Reed.

Moments later the President, dressed in tan pajamas and covered by a light Army blanket, was carried from the White House and placed gently in the ambulance under the watchful eyes of Dr. Pruitt and Jim Rowley, head of the White House Secret Service detail. To the dismay of newsmen who were swarming around the southwest White House exit, the ambulance left by another gate. It was escorted by three motorcycles, their sirens moaning dismally as the little caravan hit East Executive Avenue. Already the calls were going out for other doctors to head for the President's hospital bedside. Dr. Thomas Mattingly, chief heart specialist at Walter Reed, was stopped by highway patrolmen as he drove through South Carolina on his vacation, whisked back to Washington in a T-33 jet trainer. Dr. Paul Dudley White ("They wanted me on hand in case anything needed to be done"), arriving at Boston's Logan Airport from his Beacon Street office, was met by his wife, who had rushed from home with the famed heart specialist's suitcases and a spare hat.

Still on the stretcher, President Eisenhower was carried from the ambulance at Walter Reed, shielding his eyes with one hand against the sun. He was taken to the presidential suite—two bedrooms, living room, dining room, bathroom and small kitchen in Ward 8 on the hospital's third floor. Surgeons, headed by Major General Leonard Heaton, commanding officer at Walter Reed, immediately began examination and treatment, although they were not yet certain that surgery would be necessary. An electrocardiogram, along with other tests, showed the patient sound in heart; an X ray revealed an obstruction in the small intestine.

"A Partial Obstruction." Downstairs in the hospital lobby, the mustachioed marble bust of onetime Army Dr. Walter Reed stared sternly out on a bewildering scene. Newsmen churned around, setting up shop in a large conference room and an adjoining public-relations office, spilling out into the corridor and other nearby offices. Workmen strung the wires for 33



PRESIDENT'S FAMILY. First Lady and Major John Eisenhower, arrive at hospital in White House limousine.

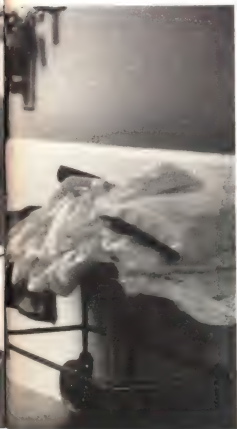
special telephones, television cables tangled hopelessly, cheese sandwiches and coffee appeared as the press began its long, nerve-shredding wait.

At midafternoon a grim-faced Jim Hagerty came down to the conference room with another medical statement:

So far, all studies confirm the original diagnosis of an attack of ileitis. The X ray of the abdomen revealed a partial obstruction in the terminal portion of the small intestine (ileum) . . . The President's blood pressure is 126 over 80. His pulse is 90. His respiration is 20. His temperature is normal.

The afternoon grated on. Hagerty and Major Eisenhower, still in his Army sun-tans, finally slipped away from the hospital and went up the hill to the officers' club. Bypassing the 35¢ martinis, they drank a beer apiece, talked quietly as they ate dinner at a side table. Hagerty was back at 8:35 p.m. to read another formal statement, this one signed by Drs. Heaton and Snyder:

The President's condition is progressing satisfactorily. The latest X rays and examinations, including electrocardiograms, show no change in the previously reported condition except that the President is resting more comfortably. He has required no sedation. The consulting doctors have



agreed to reassemble at midnight. There is no indication for immediate surgery.

Again the questions came:

Q: In the first press conference [at the hospital] you did not discuss surgery; you did not want to discuss it until you talked further with the doctors.

Hagerty: That is correct.

Q: In the second press conference you said there was a possibility.

Hagerty: That is correct.

Q: In the third one you say there is no immediate—

Hagerty: There is no indication for immediate surgery. That is as far as I can go.

Q: Jim, there is still no one-word description of the President's condition.

Hagerty: I think we again tried to say it when we said 'progressing satisfactorily'

President's ability to withstand surgery. Aware of the grave overall situation, they gave a go-ahead.

Shortly after 2 o'clock on Saturday morning, Jim Hagerty left Ward 8, punched an elevator button and descended to the main floor. He walked past the clutter of television apparatus and into the pressroom, preceded by cries of "Here comes Jim." Biting off every word, he began to read:

It is the considered opinion of the physicians in attendance that, since the previously mentioned partial obstruction in the terminal portion of the small intestine has persisted, an exploratory operation is necessary. This operation will be undertaken immediately.

Even as Hagerty talked, the President

Hagerty, bleary of eye and trembling of hand, was able to make his most encouraging report:

At operation, an intestinal obstruction due to ileitis was confirmed, and the obstruction relieved. The operation was performed under general anesthesia. The heart action was normal throughout. The President's condition continues very satisfactory.

The President slept through most of Saturday—while the eyes of the U.S. and the world focused on his hospital room. In the early afternoon came the fullest explanation of exactly what had happened. Chaperoned by Jim Hagerty, Surgeon Heaton and two other doctors filed into the Walter Reed conference room. Surgeon Heaton, cool and calm in a fresh summer suit, spoke slowly and distinctly, pacing himself by watching the pencils of newsmen. He read a formal report, then used a blackboard diagram to explain further.

"The postoperative condition of the President," he said, "is excellent, and we have every expectation of a normal convalescence. We look for a rapid and complete recovery, and feel that he will return to his good health in a short period of time. During the coming week, he should be able to sign official papers and carry on those functions of the Government which are necessary. We should like to establish here that his cardiac condition has no relationship to this present illness. We do not expect his heart in any way to affect his convalescence. You ladies and gentlemen know as well as I that there is no relationship between ileitis and malignant disease. I want you to know that there was nothing suggesting a malignant disease found at operation . . ."

Can He Run? Heaton was asked what the diseased area of the President's intestine had looked like. Said he: "Markedly contracted, inflamed and had the consistency of a hard rubber hose." Questioned more closely about the President's future, he estimated that Ike would remain in the hospital about 15 days, then rest up in a place of his own choosing, resume his full duties in from four to six weeks. He was asked if the President's life expectancy had been affected. Said Heaton: "We certainly don't think so." Added Dr. Howard Snyder: "We think it improves it."

Then came the big question. Did Heaton think the President should now decline to run for re-election? Heaton did not hesitate. His answer was short and emphatic: "I certainly do not."

In less than two days Dwight Eisenhower had apparently gone from brimming good health to mild "upset" to "serious" to "excellent." A lot more would be heard of his latest illness. But perhaps Ike himself had placed his sickness in its best perspective when, coming out from under anesthesia after the operation, he looked up at the Army doctor at his bedside and grinned weakly. Said the President of the U.S.: "What a bellyache!"



THE EISENHOWERS WELCOMING YOUNG REPUBLICANS
In search of truth and ideals.

—that 'there is no indication for immediate surgery.'

Q: How long is 'immediate,' Jim?

Hagerty: How tall is tall?

Between 8:30 and midnight there was a derisive calm in Walter Reed's Ward 8. A patient a few doors away from the President snored loudly. A nurse passed swiftly through the doors of the presidential suite, disclosing an Army guard just inside. The call light over the doors was unlighted.

"This Will Cause Death." In all, more than a dozen doctors participated in the midnight conference. During the day, every opportunity had been given the President's intestinal obstruction to correct itself. But the latest tests showed it persisting. Without an operation, the condition could cause gangrene of the bowel. As Surgeon Heaton explained later, this would be "a very serious situation . . . This will cause death." Heart Men White and Mattingly were consulted about the

was being readied for the scalpel. He was wheeled past a floor kitchen, past the office of the chief of Walter Reed's obstetrics and gynecology section, into the main corridor and finally into Operating Room 6, directly above the pillared entrance to the hospital. Outside the operating room stood Secret Service Man Rowley. Assigned to carry progress reports from the operating room to the President's anxious family was Dr. Snyder, Mamie, John and Dr. Milton Eisenhower, the President's youngest brother (see EDUCATION), waited in the Williamsburg-green living room of the President's suite. Outside the hospital, newsmen clambered on a fountain, adorned by stone penguins (which were not at the moment spouting water) to get an angled glimpse into the operating room. They saw only the dramatic shadow-show of surgeons at work.

President Eisenhower's operation began at 2:50 a.m., ended at 4:52. Then hours that had seemed like cons, Jim

Meet Your Problems

Two days before Dwight Eisenhower was lifted into the ambulance at the White House south portico, the President and his lady descended the portico's graceful staircase to greet 200 "students" in a Young Republican leadership-training school. Head bare under a hot sun, Ike welcomed his youthful guests, admonished them to search for truth and apply it, reminded them that political parties must be dedicated not to seizure of power but to ideals.

Digressing, the President offered a pinch of personal philosophy: "If you will meet your problems as they come up and get the satisfaction of a job well done—play hard—have fun doing it—[then] I think you will have a lot of fun every single day." In a week that was average for presidential pressures, Ike was following his own seasoned advice. Commencing early, he worked hard, sometimes kept working into the evening. But he balanced the unrelenting pressure by seizing a President's scattered opportunities to relax.

Over His Head. The week began with a call on new neighbors across Lafayette Square from the White House: the A.F.L.-C.I.O. high command, dedicating an eight-story headquarters at 815 Sixteenth Street. The next day Ike wrote a god-speed message to departing Indonesian President Sukarno, hoped Sukarno "found what you sought in America as a state of mind and as the center of an idea." That afternoon he squeezed in 18 holes of golf at Burning Tree Country Club, that evening joined ten congressional leaders around the Cabinet table for a solemn 30-minute discussion on the foreign-aid bill (see below).

Next morning, spruce in a grey summer suit, Ike held his weekly press conference. Toward the end of his opening seven-minute talk on the need for foreign aid, he got in over his head in trying to phrase the Administration's new warmth toward neutrals. Some nations that "are using the term 'neutral' with respect to attachment to military alliances," do not mean to claim neutrality between right and wrong. After all, he said, the U.S. constantly asserted its neutrality in the first 150 years of its history. If a neutral nation is attacked, he went on, world public opinion will be more favorably disposed toward it than if it had "announced its military association with another great power."

Up from Under. Here was a disconcerting misstatement of U.S. history. It was also such a blurred statement of U.S. foreign policy that the White House next day formally explained to perplexed members of U.S.-sponsored alliances that Ike's "military association" remark referred to association with Communist nations, and that the President certainly still believed in collective security. Then, at week's end, Secretary of State Dulles tried to repair the damage in a speech at Ames, Iowa (see below).

Once past this hump, Ike turned the conference over to the 212 newsmen at-

tending, fielded 28 questions in 27 minutes on such newsworthy topics as the political campaigns, the Twining visit to Russia, the status of Administration measures to boost postal rates and assist schools, even his feelings on a stadium proposed for the District of Columbia (he favored it). A reporter laid tongue to cheek, allowed that "some leading Democrats have suggested that prior to the campaign and the election both candidates be examined by the same panel of maybe three doctors." When the laughter died, Ike offered a grim and ironic reply: "If there is anything wrong with me, I would like to know it."

Time to Swim. That afternoon, after greeting the Young Republicans, the President hopped into his two-engine Aero Commander, was flown to Gettysburg for



Associated Press
IKE RETURNING FROM GETTYSBURG
In pursuit of happiness.

a 2½ hour conference on his farm with Allan Ryan and Lee Lechman, Aberdeen Angus experts from Rhinebeck, N.Y. He flew back to the capital, arrived next morning at his desk at three minutes before eight, put in a long day's work broken only for lunch and a 15-minute dip in the White House pool.

Among his callers was Secretary of State Dulles, arriving to fill Ike in on the newest Bulgarian letter. (It boasted about the proposed 1,200,000 Soviet troop cut, ignored the President's proposal for a worldwide freeze on nuclear stockpiles.) Former Senator Harry P. Cain arrived for a 30-minute appointment in which to air complaints about the Administration's security program. Cain emerged after 45 minutes, told newsmen he felt "more hopeful." At 5:15 that evening Ike stopped work. An hour and 40 minutes later, in white dinner jacket, he was whisked to the Sheraton-Park Hotel for the News Photographers' dinner.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Correcting the Slip

Soon after Ike's talk about neutralism hit the news wires, the State Department began to get anxious calls from some of its best friends in Embassy Row. While Ike's off-the-cuff slip about alliances was explainable, it was obvious that some U.S. allies were shaken by what seemed a new, friendly emphasis on neutralism. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles rushed to set things right in a speech delivered at Iowa State College.

"The principle of neutrality," said Dulles, "pretends that a nation can best gain safety for itself by being indifferent to the fate of others. This has increasingly become an obsolete conception, and, except under very exceptional circumstances, it is an immoral and shortsighted conception. The free world today is stronger and peace is more secure because so many free nations courageously recognize the now-demonstrated fact that their own peace and safety would be endangered by assault on freedom elsewhere."

Dulles also pitched in to amend the President's remarks on U.S. history. "In 1823," he said, "President Monroe proclaimed to the despotic alliance then headed by czarist Russia that 'we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety . . .'" It was indeed farsighted and bold for our young nation thus to identify its own self-interest with the fate of freedom thousands of miles away. Yet the pronouncement of that principle, Webster recorded, was greeted with 'one general glow of exultation.' That principle has now been extended . . . Within the last ten years the U.S., always acting in a bipartisan manner, has made such treaties with 42 countries of America, Europe and Asia. These treaties abolish, as between the parties, the principle of neutrality . . ."

Because of the news of the President's operation, Dulles' speech did not get the headlines it deserved. But headlines or no, it was up to the President to put matters right himself as soon as he could do so.

THE CONGRESS

A Fearful Drubbing

The President looked grimly around at the ten Democratic and Republican House leaders who sat at a White House conference table last Tuesday in various attitudes of discomfort. Never (reported one of the Congressmen later) had Dwight Eisenhower appeared so vigorous and determined: he was arguing against the House threat to cut \$1.1 billion from his \$4.9 billion foreign-aid program. The cuts, Ike said spiritedly, were "destructive" and posed a "dangerous threat" to the nation's security. Against such reductions, already approved by the powerful House Foreign Affairs Committee (TIME, June 4) and about to come up for House action, President Eisenhower threw all his influence—in a losing cause.

While urgently advocating a full meas-

ure of foreign aid, the President insisted that he meant nothing personal by his remarks. He looked directly across the table at South Carolina's courtly Democratic Representative James Pringle Richards, chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee and, despite his record of support for the Eisenhower foreign policy, the leader of this year's drive for foreign-aid reduction. There was a moment of awkward silence, broken by Speaker Sam Rayburn. Said Mr. Sam: "I love Dick Richards. This time he's wrong and I will oppose him—but I still love him." Ike replied softly: "That goes for me, too."

A few minutes later Richards, wondering why the President had waited until the eleventh hour before making his big

White House than in the House of Representatives. When Richards finished, Ike turned to House G.O.P. Leader Joe Martin and Speaker Rayburn. Asked Ike: "What can we do?" Replied Martin, seconded by Mister Sam: "Speak out loud and clear at your press conference."

The President took the advice. Next morning he opened his news conference with an off-the-cuff statement that the U.S. is "waging peace." Said he: "There is no amount of money that you can pour into bombs and missiles and planes and tanks and guns that will assure you peace." It is more profitable to spend for "constructive things that tend to make people respectful of the great values that we are supporting." Thus, it would be

sachusetts Republican Donald Nicholson said he was for "spending money for our own defense without taking care of these foreigners." Louisiana's Democratic Representative George Long (Huey's brother) described foreign aid as "the greatest fraud since money became a medium of exchange." Georgia's Democratic Representative Iris Blich won an ovation as she promised: "I will vote for every amendment to cut the amount of foreign aid, and then I will vote against the bill itself." Ohio's Wayne Hays said: "I haven't received a single letter from home urging me to vote for increased foreign aid and I doubt if anybody else has."

Rare Drama. The House leaders struggled desperately against the onslaught. Majority Leader John McCormack, Sam Rayburn and Joe Martin (who read a 380-word letter from the President pleading for the foreign-aid program) all spoke earnestly—and futilely. Then Dick Richards, serving the last of his 23 years in the House (he is retiring this year), arose to defend his committee's cuts. It was a moment of rare House drama; the policy of an able, hard-working committee chairman had been repudiated by his leaders, who were also his dear friends. Sam Rayburn and Joe Martin, said Richards, are "two great Americans." But, he continued bitterly, "They don't know anything about this bill. All they know is what they are told down at the White House. They have surrendered to the Executive Department without facts or figures. [But] we've come up here with what we think is a good bill for the security of the U.S." As Dick Richards returned to his seat, the House surged to its feet in a roar of cheers and applause.

Finally it came time for a vote on the amendment to restore \$600 million—and congressmen of both parties joined to vote it down, 102 to 112 (next day the Administration won a minor victory when the House turned back an amendment that would have cut off all aid to Yugoslavia and Marshal Tito). After the key vote, Sam Rayburn and Joe Martin walked out to the House lobby and sat dejectedly on a leather sofa. They said nothing; there was nothing to say. Martin and Rayburn had taken a fearful drubbing. So had the Administration, and it would have a hard time putting the blame on anybody but the President for two years' failure to do the clear and reasoned planning that the world economic situation requires. In view of this fact, Dick Richards' position made good sense, because the long-range interests of the U.S. might best be served if the cut shocked Dwight Eisenhower into realizing that the problem of casting a world economic policy exists, and will continue to exist until he copes with it.

DEMOCRATS

The Time of Maneuver

On the cold morning after Minnesota's presidential primary, Adlai Stevenson rose early at his farm near Libertyville, Ill., stuffed his shaving kit and a pair of pajamas into his briefcase, hurried downstairs and left a penciled note for a house



HOUSE LEADERS LEAVING WHITE HOUSE FOREIGN-AID CONFERENCE*
To the distress of friends and the delight of enemies.

move, spoke up: "Why wasn't this meeting called two weeks ago?" Smiled Eisenhower: "That's a good question."

"What Can We Do?" There was a much bigger question at the bottom of the trouble, and it had been hanging over Washington for two years: Why had the Administration failed to frame the kind of world economic policy that makes sense not only of long-range foreign aid, but of all the other economic techniques and forces that the world's leading capitalist-enterprise republic has to offer? Without a real world economic plan, and faced by a fast-moving Communist economic offensive, the Administration had dissipated its foreign-aid advantage, to the distress of staunch foreign-aid friends in both parties—and to the delight of ancient isolationist enemies in both parties.

Without boastfulness, Dick Richards told the conference that he understood the House temper on foreign aid as well as any man alive. If his committee had not made some cuts, said he, the House might have slashed much more drastically. For the sake of continued aid, he added, he would rather risk opposition in the

"tragic" not to support foreign-aid programs "cheerfully and adequately."

"These Foreigners." But the House was preparing to speak out loud and—in its own way—clear. The House leaders had agreed that a \$600 million restoration of funds was the best they could hope for. Sam Rayburn picked Arkansas' Democratic Representative Brooks Hays as the man to introduce an amendment seeking the \$600 million. Hays got off to a staggering start. "I know that \$600 million is a lot of money," he said plaintively. "I cannot even comprehend it." Then he recalled that he was supposed to be arguing for, not against, the amendment, and continued: "We are engaged in building a deterrent to war . . . On that basis I appeal to the House to authorize a more generous amount."

Democrats and Republicans alike ganged up on the bill and their leaders' amendment, as many an isolationist scuttled into daylight for the first time in years to take advantage of the new climate. Mas-

* McCormack, Leader McCormack, Speaker Rayburn, Chairman Richards, Minority Leader Martin, Assistant Minority Leader Halleck.

guest. "Sorry I had no chance to visit with you," he wrote, "but I must go into town and get to work. We've just begun to fight!—Yours, A.E.S."

For Phrasemaker Stevenson, the phrase was trite, but it was true. On that morning last March the political figure of Adlai Stevenson, hit hard in Minnesota by Estes Kefauver, was lying flat on the canvas, and the count was almost up to ten. Many a knowing politician and political reporter thought that Candidate Stevenson might never get up. But he did, and the fight that he began that day turned into a dramatic political comeback. Last week, with a decisive victory in California's Democratic presidential primary, won after a hard fight, Stevenson was once again the front-runner for the Democratic nomination for the presidency.

A Knockout. In crucial California, Stevenson won all the way. Although Kefauver had lured every special group with every special promise he could muster up, Stevenson carried cities and farm country, labor districts and white-collar districts, Negro areas and melting pots. In the expected total of about 1,800,000 Democratic ballots, Stevenson won an unexpected margin of about 450,000 votes.

While he was strongly helped by the support of almost every important organization Democrat in the state (which he also had in Minnesota), Adlai made a stack of political hay on his own by spending more time with the people and less with the phrases, by lightening and brightening his speeches, and by rubbing more elbows. Still sensitive and a little self-conscious, Stevenson was not completely at home in his new campaign methods, and at times he was embarrassed. In Los Angeles Pershing Square, for example, he approached an old man sitting on a bench and said: "I'm Adlai Stevenson." Growled the bench-sitter: "I know who you are; get the hell out of here." But Stevenson made the new formula work.

A Foe with Friends. Victory in California meant more than the state's 68 delegates for Stevenson. It also meant that he had knocked Kefauver all the way out of the presidential ring, a vital display of political muscle. In the golden afterglow of the Golden State primary, many an uncertain delegate around the U.S. began to lean more and more toward Stevenson. But the big prize was by no means in his hands. The end of the primaries signaled the start of a whole new battle in the struggle for the Democratic nomination, a struggle of political maneuver that would go on right down to the final ballot in Chicago. Already the kingmakers (see box) were at work. In this new phase of the fight, Adlai Stevenson faced one main adversary: New York's Governor Averell Harriman.

Last week, before the convention of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Hat Workers Union in Manhattan, Harriman (who had been calling himself a not-active candidate) threw an old grey fedora into news cameras and cried: "I want to say to you that



CANDIDATE STEVENSON & ADMIRAL*
In a golden afterglow.

this hat is in the ring—this is a hat you gave me, and no one is going to take it away from me." He made his announcement less than 24 hours after David Dubinsky, boss of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and a vice chairman of New York State's Liberal Party, had told the haters that Harriman should get out of the race in favor of Stevenson. (Snorted a Harriman supporter in disgust: "After all the patronage they've gotten!") Said Harriman: "I be-

* California's Attorney General Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown.



CANDIDATE HARRIMAN
By travel, talk and telephone.

lieve in the unity of the Democratic Party—yes—but I believe in the unity of the Democratic Party as a liberal Democratic Party."

National Net. The announcement was carefully timed to keep Harriman unbruised by primary fights, and make the most of his powerful connections. For months Harriman and his handlers, led by Tammany Hall Chief Carmine De Sapio, have been preparing for this phase of the campaign. They have had the welcome support of Old Pro Harry Truman despite his public insistence that he is not supporting any candidate. Truman's link: former Democratic national chairman, Indianapolis Banker Frank McKinney, informal Harriman ambassador to the states generally west of the Alleghenies.

Now, by telephone and travel, McKinney, De Sapio and other Harriman strategists will spread out a national net in an effort to pull in delegates for Harriman. The candidate himself will plunge promptly into open campaigning, is touted to make a big splash at the Governors' Conference in Atlantic City, N.J. late this month. Before the Democratic Convention opens Aug. 13, he will make trips to Iowa, Kansas, Colorado, Minnesota, North Dakota, probably to Michigan, Wisconsin and Washington, and possibly to other states.

Just Like Ike? The Harriman team's strategy is to talk platform as much as they talk candidate. Principal reason: if the Harriman forces can force a strong plank on civil rights at Chicago, they can anger—and possibly drive out—the South, embarrass Stevenson in his position as the peace-making moderate, and plump hard for a candidate who takes strong stands and can hold the big-city vote in the North, i.e., Averell Harriman. In its long-range thinking, the Harriman team figures that its big platform fight could win for "Honest Ave," much as the 1952 Eisenhower forces clinched the nomination for Ike by winning the opening battle over the contested delegations.

In its new phase, the Democratic contest is essentially a two-man race. Stevenson's solid victory in California practically eliminated another dark horse, Missouri's U.S. Senator Stuart Symington, who might have come forward as the leading "moderate" candidate if Stevenson had faltered. As the delegate-counting season opened, Stevenson clearly had a long lead in delegates pledged, announced or presumed to be for him. The best estimates at week's end of first-ballot strength:

Stevenson	376
Harriman	141½
Kefauver	162
Favorite Sons	224
Undecided	468½
Needed to Nominate	686½

After the first ballot, balance can be expected to shift considerably; e.g., such uncommitted Southern states as Louisiana, Georgia and Mississippi are already Stevenson-warm. Many of Kefauver's votes,

DEMOCRATS' DECISIVE DOZEN

With primaries done and cajoling begun, the leaders of the Democratic Party (formerly known as bosses) have stepped up their traveling, telephoning and lapel grabbing in search of additional convention votes. When delegates converge on Chicago in August to nominate a President, their decisions will be tempered by what these top dozen men say and do:



TRUMAN



DE SAPIO



ARVEY



McKINNEY



MEYNER



REUTHER

Harry S. Truman, 72, who as the last Democratic President is the party's elder statesman and top kingmaker, has been urged by some to run again himself. Though he declined a place in the Missouri delegation to preserve his much-advertised neutrality, Truman seems to be for Harriman, is angry at Stevenson for not following his advice in the past, has set in motion pro-Harriman drumbeating west of the Mississippi.

Carmine De Sapio, 47, boss of Tammany Hall, New York's secretary of state, the mastermind behind Averell Harriman. De Sapio controls almost all of New York State's massive 98 votes, is combing the hinterlands for more. He makes frequent trips to Washington to woo Southern legislators, leaves courtship in other areas to Harriman lieutenants who do not suffer the Tammany stigma.

Jacob M. Arvey, 60, of Chicago, Illinois National Committeeman, long-time power in state and national politics, the man who successfully plotted the course to Stevenson's 1952 nomination. Though Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley now marshals Illinois convention votes, Arvey will be tapped at convention time as another elder statesman and shrewd strategist.

Frank E. McKinney, 52, Indianapolis banker, Harry Truman's hand-picked choice as Democratic National Chairman until he was ousted by the Stevensonites in 1952. He is convinced that Adlai is far from the popular choice, that the U.S. is a gold mine of unpanned Harriman strength, and he will be with Harriman until the bitter end. His battle cry to Harriman agents: "Don't sit back and let nature take its course; it was work to be done."

Robert B. Meyner, 47, Governor of New Jersey, the first Democratic boss to beat Estes Kefauver in this year's primaries. (He killed him with kindness.) Meyner controls probably two-thirds of New Jersey's 36 convention votes, was pro-Stevenson in 1952, this time is playing the wait-and-see game. He is vice-presidential possibility.

Walter Reuther, 48, vice president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., president of its United Auto Workers, another 1952 Stevenson backer. Reuther has taken no official stand this year, is presumed still to like Adlai. But his anti-moderate attitude on civil rights sounds more and more like Harriman. Says Reuther: "Citizen Walter Reuther will not support the Democratic Party nationally if that party attempts to be all things to all men on civil rights."

Lyndon Johnson, 47, Senate majority leader, favorite son of the 36-vote Texas delegation. As spokesman for the South, Texan Johnson has the proxy for 200-odd Southern votes, will dangle them as reward for the most moderate approach to civil rights. Some Southerners see him a bona fide candidate. But Johnson, recovering like Eisenhower from a heart attack, would rather push the pawns. Says Lyndon in a guidance memorandum for his staff: "With few, rare exceptions the great political leaders of our country have been men of reconciliation—men who could hold their parties together." The description could fit Stevenson—or Lyndon—but not Harriman.

George Meany, 61, president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., spokesman for 15 million U.S. union members, ex-officio participant in any Democratic conclave. Meany was for Stevenson in 1952, this time is noncommittal until his unions take a stand. He will appear before the platform committee at Chicago to discuss civil rights, insists he will avoid political infighting during his visit.

Paul Ziffren, 42, National Committeeman from California, boss of Los Angeles Democrats, onetime law partner of Jake Arvey, and youngest member of the inner guard. Stevenson's California victory gave Ziffren national stature; California's 68-vote delegation makes him another big state leader to be listened to.

G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams, 45, Governor of Michigan, leader of the 44-vote Michigan delegation. Next to Harriman, Williams is the strongest anti-moderate in the Democratic Party, will go to Chicago armed with the recent Michigan resolution on civil rights and zeal for a strong stand on that key issue.

David Lawrence, 67, three-term mayor of Pittsburgh, longtime power at Democratic conventions, an original Stevensonian in 1952 and ever since then one of Adlai's most ardent supporters. Lawrence controls better than half of Pennsylvania's 74-vote delegation, has gained persuasive prestige in some other states through long party activity.

Sam Rayburn, 74, Speaker of the House of Representatives, who will be permanent chairman of the Democratic National Convention, and mainstay of Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler. Privately Mister Sam leans towards Stevenson, frequently offers Adlai advice and information. This year he cannot give him an official blessing; as a Texan, he is pledged to Favorite Son Lyndon Johnson until Johnson decides to release his delegates.



JOHNSON



MEANY



ZIFFREN



WILLIAMS



LAWRENCE



RAYBURN

especially those won in uncontested primaries, almost certainly will move.

Two for Second. As the wooing of candidates began, there was new speculation about second place on the ticket. Nobody warmly wanted Kefauver since he has been a loser in such varied states as Florida, New Jersey, Oregon and California. Politicos still speculate that Averell Harriman, the nonmoderate New Yorker, would need a border-state moderate, e.g., Stuart Symington. As a moderate from the Middle West, Adlai Stevenson could use a running mate from a big city in the East, e.g., Massachusetts' U.S. Senator John Kennedy, 39, or New York City's Mayor Robert F. Wagner, 46. While their religion (both are Catholics) has been considered a disqualification ever since the Al Smith disaster in 1928, many Democrats now agree that this prejudice (if indeed that was the main reason for Tammany-backed, anti-Prohibitionist Al Smith's defeat) no longer applies. In fact, some supporters of Adlai Stevenson think that a Catholic on the ticket might neutralize whatever qualms Catholics may feel about the 1952 charges, likely to be repeated this time, that the Democrats were guilty of softness to Communism.

This week Adlai Stevenson, who confessed that he was "very, very tired" after the primary battles, had rested in California and was back at home base. His team was busy making plans for its own strategy in the new phase of the delegate hunt. Having vanquished one opponent in the primaries, Stevenson now has to face his new foe in the next round. The battle is expected to be sharp and hard. In the light of the President's new illness, Democrats will consider the presidential nomination a much richer prize.

THE PRIMARIES

Lesser Lights

While the big spotlights focused on presidential candidates last week, lesser lights followed lesser lights in four state primaries:

Iowa. With no presidential delegates at stake, the leading contest was for the Senate seat occupied and defended by Republican Bourke Blakemore Hickel, 59, ardent supporter of the Benson farm program. Hickel's opponent won renomination by a two-to-one margin over Attorney General Dayton Countyman, 38, temperance and high price-support advocate. Hick's November opponent will be R. M. ("Spike") Evans, 65, landowner, onetime AAA administrator under Henry Wallace and a high price-support man, who defeated Jefferson Attorney Lumund Wilcox, 43, for the Democratic nomination. In contrast to the Republican vote (down 22,000 from 255,000 in 1954), the Democratic primary vote (110,000) was the largest in 16 years.

South Dakota. Highlight of the primary: a fight among Democrats for a nominee to oppose unchallenged Republican Senator Francis Case, 59, who won national headlines last February when he reported the bribe attempt that prompted

President Eisenhower to veto the natural-gas bill (TIME, Feb. 20). On the plea that South Dakota needs: 1) a farmer in the Senate, and 2) a return to high supports. Groton Farmer Ken Holm, 40, got the Democratic nomination over Mitchell Municipal Judge Merton Tice, 46, by an almost two-to-one vote. Republicans predicted (probably correctly) that Francis Case would be the winner.

Montana. Bitterest Democratic contest was for the gubernatorial nomination. The winner: Attorney General Arnold Olsen, 39, vigorous, controversial antagonist of Montana's oil, railroad and utility interests, who defeated ex-Governor (1948-53) John W. Bonner and looks forward to a hard fight with Republican Governor J. Hugo Aronson in November.

California. Not a single G.O.P. candidate for Congress won in the Democratic



CANDIDATE COCHRAN
Flying into the Sound barrier.

primary under the state's cross-filing system (although three Democrats won both nominations). In the Senate race, bland, middle-of-the-road Republican Thomas Kuchel (rhymes with treacle), completing Richard Nixon's unexpired term, cross-filed for a second try: he polled 1,274,000 votes on the Republican ticket to win the nomination over cross-filing Democrat Sam W. Vorty, Los Angeles lawyer and ex-Congressman. On the Democratic ticket, State Senator Richard L. Richards, 39, free-swinging, liberal disciple of Representative James Roosevelt, polled 963,000 votes to overwhelm both Vorty (380,000) and Kuchel (502,000) and win the Democratic nomination.

What promises to be the most exotic congressional contest in the U.S. emerged from the primaries in Southern California's lush, richly irrigated Imperial and Coachella Valleys (20th Congressional District). Winner over a field of eight in the Republican primary: Jacqueline

Cochran Odlum, "about" 47, who rose from a shoeless orphan to become a famous aviatrix (first woman to fly through the sound barrier), wife of Financier Floyd Odlum, wealthy in her own right (cosmetics manufacturer) and farmer (600 acres in dates, grapes, citrus). Jackie, with four full-time organizers, hedgehopped from town to town in her Lockheed Lodestar, made wide use of television, radio and newspaper advertising (its gist: "I'm for Americanism") to win the nomination.

She will have fitting competition from her Democratic opponent, Dalip S. Saund, 36 (TIME, Jan. 9), who beat out five opponents for the nomination. Saund, born in Amritsar, India, went to the University of California in the '30s, got a Ph.D. in mathematics, decided to stay, became a U.S. citizen by grace of an easement of the 1924 immigration act, for which he fought, is now a U.S. district judge in Westmoreland and a fertilizer manufacturer. With only his family (wife, son, two daughters, a daughter-in-law and son-in-law) for an organization, Saund campaigned in a 1956 blue Buick sedan, made innumerable house calls, gave a barbecue each Sunday. His platform: election of an East Indian will help East-West relations. Said Candidate Saund: "There is a strong Democratic trend running in this district. I believe I can win."

THE SOUTH

Battle of the Buses

The six-month-old Negro boycott of Jim Crow buses in Montgomery, Ala., has taught the South a fact of economic life: in regions where most bus passengers are Negroes, the boycott is a powerful economic weapon. Last week in Montgomery a three-judge panel in Federal Court—all judges born and raised in Alabama—gave the boycott a sharp legal edge: the court ruled 2-1 that the city's Jim Crow bus seating violates the 14th Amendment and is unconstitutional.

Said the majority decision: "There is now no rational basis upon which the separate but equal doctrine can be validly applied to public carrier transportation." But the court, taking its pace from the Supreme Court's doctrine of "deliberate speed," postponed any order to stop bus-line segregation, and explained that when one came it would apply only to Montgomery.

Meanwhile, in Tallahassee, Fla., the Negro leaders of a two-week-old bus boycott rejected some surprisingly moderate bus-company concessions, e.g., first, come, first-served seating (but no side-by-side mixing of Negroes and whites), hiring of Negro drivers on predominantly Negro runs. Instead, they demanded complete abolition of Jim Crow seating.

In Memphis, the president of the local chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People filed suit in Federal Court to challenge state laws requiring Jim Crow public transportation; he said enigmatically that there would be no bus boycott unless one started up "spontaneously."

FOREIGN NEWS

THE KREMLIN

Discrimination in a Tomb

Moscow went all out last week to welcome Comrade Tito, the prodigal son, and for one very good reason. For them, at this moment in history, he was the world's most useful man. These days the Kremlin's Communists have one basic task on their minds: they hope, by pinning responsibility for Communist crimes of

been removed in order that Tito should not be offended. Marching sternly through the Lenin-Stalin mausoleum in Red Square in his powder-blue marshal's uniform, Tito ignored the sarcophagus of Stalin, gave a passing glance to that of Lenin. His ϵ ft. wreath was marked "To Vladimir Ilyich Lenin" from "Josip Broz Tito." At a workers' meeting at the Moskva Auto Works (formerly the Stalin Auto Works), he said that after an absence of ten years

quarters of the Comintern, from which hundreds of foreign Communists were dragged in midnight raids during the great purges. Taking refuge from crowds of gaping Russians in an ice-cream parlor, Tito ordered champagne and cakes.

He was shown an atomic reactor which Premier Bulganin said was "similar to the one we are making for you." At Leningrad his train was mobbed as crowds broke police lines. Tito put on his man-in-the-street act, tucked children under the chin, and listened to extravagant compliments paid to him by Premier Bulganin who, just as eloquently a few years earlier, had referred to him as a "jackal."

Perhaps the sweetest of Old Balkan Hand Tito's satisfactions was the vengeance he was taking on the men who had spoken loudest in denunciation of him during his 1948 quarrel with Stalin. Satellite leaders who once denounced him have been shoved aside, or tremble in their jobs. Men who went to their deaths accused of trafficking with him have had their reputations posthumously "rehabilitated." The Cominform which expelled him has been dissolved. Molotov has resigned. All these things, Tito indicated, make for a good start, but he still has some names on his list. He has a score to settle with an old enemy, Hungarian Communist Boss Matyas Rakosi. And the Yugoslav party newspaper *Borba* has made clear Tito's displeasure with France's Maurice Thorez. Little Albania has not yet properly recanted.

Moscow needs Tito, and the price is high.

The New Role. For a long time the standard U.S. attitude has been that "Tito is too smart to get himself back into the bear's claws," and to let it go at that. A reappraisal is now needed. Obviously Tito is not willing to become a satellite again. But a new role is emerging for him in the Communist world—a role gratifying to his considerable ego and suited to his considerable talents.

Last week it was becoming clear what the Kremlin wants of Tito. It does not mean to destroy his independence, but to put it to use. Stalin's old cronies and legitimate heirs want Tito to vouch for them in the world of friendly but doubting nations of Europe and Asia, when the full facts of Stalin's crimes become known. They want Tito as a kind of ambassador extraordinary among the neutral nations, selling the Kremlin line from a new stand, using his influence to reestablish what is now, or soon will be, wholly discredited.

What will Tito gain? Behind his lordly impassivity is there a dream of becoming the great ideological and organizational genius of the world Communist Parties, laying old leaders aside and restoring order in the confused and resentful ranks of the Italian, French, German and satellite parties a dream perhaps of uniting the



VOROSHILOV, THE TITOS, KHRUSHCHEV & BULGANIN IN MOSCOW
The price came high for the world's most useful man.

Sovfoto

past 20 years on Stalin, to exculpate themselves from a guilt which they unquestionably shared. They do not seem to care how Khrushchev's exposé affects foreign Communist leaders who—living under no "reign of terror" in their own countries—had no excuse for their slavish subservience to Stalin's will (*see below*). Instead, the Kremlin turned to the one surviving European Communist leader with a certified anti-Stalin record: Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito. In the Kremlin's new reckoning, Tito was a "cleanskin" who could persuade neutralist and socialist governments, and waverers in NATO and SEATO, that the Soviet change of heart is genuine.

Champagne & Cakes. Elaborately courted in Moscow last week, Tito was exploiting his singular advantage with evident satisfaction. In the conference room at the Council of Ministers building, the customary huge portrait of Stalin had

he was glad to meet some people who were not afraid to look him in the eye and speak up.

At luncheons and receptions in the most ornate halls of the Grand Kremlin Palace, surrounded by grinning, handshaking Russian bureaucrats and bemedaled officers of the Kremlin guard in gold-braided green uniforms, Tito contrived to look unimpressed. His handsome, dark-skinned wife Jovanka outshone the dowdy official Russian wives with her wardrobe of elegant evening gowns of white silk, black lace over bronze-red, her red stole, gold mesh bag and rubies, and her day suits of pink brocade and lavender silk. At the ballet Tito looked bored.

Walking out from his Moscow residence in a cream suit and white snap-brim hat, with his wife, Tito pointed out the house in Pushkinskaya Street where he lived in the '30s, paid a visit to the famed Lux (renamed Excelsior) Hotel, onetime head-

world's Communist and Socialist Parties in some kind of new International?

Tito has already shown himself skilled in pursuing the direction Moscow now wants to take. He has found a way of talking to the outside world. He has kept a tight security rein on his country without some of the more flagrant severities of Moscow. It is true that he has botched the running of his economy; the peasants are still poor and dissatisfied. But in this he is no worse than the Russians (neither dares admit that the difficulty is in the system itself). And he has shown agility and a certain style in diplomacy.

But above all, Tito provides the Kremlin with a new opening to the West. The European Communist Parties outside the Iron Curtain have diminished everywhere except in France and Italy; and in these two countries, while they hold their strength, they are isolated and sterile. A new way of infiltrating Western Europe is needed—a way of bringing down the barriers that Stalin's madness erected against Russia. The active hostility of the Western world must be numbed; perhaps even the military resolution of NATO can be sapped. At the height of the cold war each side knew where it stood; now the Communists seek to blur distinctions, so that Moscow Communism fades imperceptibly into "independent" Communism, which in turn fades imperceptibly into neutralism, so that in time the neutralist may be hard to distinguish from the indifferent antagonist. In all this blurring of attitudes, Tito is useful, and the old hacks are in the way.

If the Thorezes and Togliattis hold back and hesitate to discredit Stalin's memory too quickly, it is not because they hold Stalin's memory green, but because they fear that in the process they themselves may be effaced.



James Whitmore—Tito

ITALY'S TOGLIATTI

The comrades were "buggerato."

Inevitable Difference. A confident Tito announced in Moscow last week that "there are no longer any important problems to solve" between Russian Communism and Yugoslav Communism. In the Kremlin's lofty, alabaster-white, great Hall of St. George, a reporter drew Tito's attention to U.S. congressional threats to cut off U.S. aid to Yugoslavia. Said Tito, resplendent in his blue uniform: "It is not important. Our relations with the U.S. remain as before." But will they?

In the past the U.S. had been guarded in its trust of Tito, but generous with its money. Now that he was back in his old camp, with a certain stature of his own, he may not miss the dollars he will now lose. He knows that the U.S. will still find it necessary to talk to him and through him. But from now on, there will be an inevitable difference. Denying him dollars will itself solve little. A more fundamental response to Moscow's new calculated blurring of distinctions is to keep distinctions clear. Tito's return to Moscow is a useful first lesson: a Communist is a Communist.

Echoes of the Terror

Both halves of the world—the non-Communist and the Communist—shook under the impact of First Party Secretary Nikita Khrushchev's no-longer-secret speech to the 20th Party Congress (TIME, June 11), but, whereas the non-Communists quickly absorbed the information given by Khrushchev, the Communists this week were still reeling.

Even those who had reason to know the truth about Stalin's reign were nevertheless startled by Khrushchev's brutally direct account of such monstrous crimes as the deportation of millions of people from their homelands, the futile and meaningless killing of thousands of party intellectuals, and the hideous miasma of murder and mayhem around the Kremlin. So harrowing was Khrushchev's tale that the U.S. State Department (which had got the text from an undivulged source) debated on the value of releasing it, thinking that many readers might be moved to accept Khrushchev's picture of himself and other top Stalin aides as innocent men caught up in a web of terror against which there was no possible protest. What finally decided the release of the text was the fact that the speech revealed such a sordid picture of Communist intrigue that it could not but have a demoralizing effect on Communist Parties outside the Soviet Union. As it turned out, this was the wiser counsel.

The Hoodwinked. Most of Europe's top Reds were in Moscow when the speech was made to the Party Congress last February, and (though barred from the secret session for Russians only) had read it in transcript. On returning to their own countries they remained silent about it, while inaugurating piecemeal efforts to downgrade Stalin. Last week, as large slabs of the speech hit the front pages of non-Communist European newspapers, the storm broke over the heads of the cautious



UFP

FRANCE'S THOREZ

The "gopok" was still missing.

Communist leaders. Angry and confused, party members demanded to know what it meant.

For the first time in the history of the Italian Communist Party, Leader Palmiro Togliatti was caustically critical of the Moscow leadership, described Khrushchev's attack as "brutal and dangerous." Said another veteran Italian Red: "Khrushchev's speech was not Marxism . . . It was a personal tirade intended to relieve his feelings after years of bullying." As criticism grew, Togliatti announced an extraordinary series of regional conferences for reorientation of his huge party (2,130,000 members). He told the extraordinary meeting of the 110-man Central Committee that the word must be spread gently: Italian Reds would resent having been *buggerato* (hoodwinked). For the first time since his return from Moscow in 1944, Togliatti and the Soviet leadership are being criticized at cell meetings (and more openly over wine glasses at the corner *trattoria* after meetings).

In Paris, Communist Party Leaders Maurice Thorez and Jacques Duclos were also under fire for having failed to divulge any hint of the true nature of Stalin. But, fearful of losing their large following among French intellectuals, they still permitted (in a minor party publication) only mild criticism of Stalin "grown old." But perhaps the best example of the dilemma thrust on foreign Communists by Khrushchev's revelations was the bitter tears being shed by Manhattan's *Daily Worker* (see PRESS).

The Missing Hour. The 26,000-word released text, evidently a copy of the tightly edited version circulated among Soviet district organizers and some foreign leaders, was about one hour short of the full speech delivered by Khrushchev. Missing from the shortened version (but leaked from Moscow last March) was

Khrushchev's charge that Stalin had been anti-Semitic and had liquidated thousands of Soviet Jews. Nor was there specific mention in the transcript issued by the U.S. of the "murder" of Marshal Tukhachevsky and some 5,000 officers of the Red army prior to World War II.

Also absent from the edited dialogue was the voice of an unnamed delegate shouting from the hall. "Why didn't you kill him?" and Khrushchev's reply: "What could we do? There was a reign of terror." No mention was made, either, of the fact that, at Stalin's order, the elephantine Khrushchev had once performed the *gopak*, a fast Ukrainian dance. Nor did the transcript record such homely touches as the cob-nosed Nikita in tears as he told of children being tortured, and the fact that 30 delegates had fainted and had to be lugged out of the hall.

But the most significant omission in the edited text was any reference to the effect of Stalin's terror on Soviet foreign policy. Last week Italian Communists were saying that a major portion of Khrushchev's speech was devoted to a searing attack on Stalin's conduct of international relations.

In the unpublished portion of his speech, say the Italians, Khrushchev charged that Stalin 1) needlessly destroyed international good will existing between the Soviet Union and her World War II allies; 2) deliberately planned and executed provocative measures like the Berlin blockade—which proved to be dangerous and humiliating failures, to boot; 3) ruthlessly deprived the Soviet people of the fruits of victory by forcing them to tighten their belts and concentrate on aggressive adventures and military preparations, including the production of outdated arms; 4) started the war in Korea confident that a walkover victory would be accepted by the U.S.; 5) recklessly exposed the Soviet Union to the grave danger of a global war and possible atomic attacks which the backward Soviet air force could have neither prevented nor retaliated.

The Khrushchev indictment means that Russia's entire postwar "peace" campaign was a sham, that Stalin was the aggressor in every cold-war episode. In Korea, said Khrushchev, "Stalin personally ordered the attack to begin." When word of all that gets out, Italian Communists are apt to feel even more *bugerato*.

Ten Days That Shook. In his welcoming speech at the 20th Party Congress, Khrushchev had said: "The unity of our party was being built up during the years and decades. It grew and became stronger in the struggle with numerous enemies—the Trotskyites, the Bukharinites, the bourgeois nationalists and other inveterate enemies of the people..." But in his sensational last-day secret speech Khrushchev told the delegates that the phrase "enemies of the people" had been invented by Stalin to justify the liquidation of thousands, and that in the great purge the real Trotskyites *et al.* were so

few in number that they constituted no opposition.

It is a fair assumption that in the intervening ten days there was, in the upper party hierarchy, not a change of heart but a change of pace. Khrushchev, who was clearly in agreement with the downgrading of Stalin, may not have wished to proceed as quickly as circumstance dictated. Study of the speech shows that, if Khrushchev's hand was forced, it was probably by the army cadres in the party. The version released by the U.S. State Department is full of ingratiating references to the Red army. Khrushchev confirms the fact that Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky, hero of the battles of Moscow and Stalingrad, was a Stalin victim. From the podium he calls down to Marshal Alexander Vasilevsky for confirmation of his story about Stalin planning



EX-LABOR CHIEF KAGANOVICH
Bolsheviks don't always die.

military operations on a globe. His praise of Marshal Georgy Zhukov shows an artfulness in flattery such as no doubt helped preserve his life in the perilous heights at Stalin's side.

For students of Communist thought processes, the most interesting aspect of Khrushchev's speech is what might be called the Khrushchev Theory of Terror. Khrushchev approves of the terror employed by Lenin against the enemies and victims of the October Revolution ("Lenin used severe methods only in the most necessary cases, when the exploiting classes were still in evidence"), and does not think the terror employed against the peasants during the collectivization of the land worth mentioning.

He abhors terror only when it is employed against party members, against comrades, and it is noteworthy that his panel of investigators is examining Stalin's persecution of top party members

only. In downgrading Malenkov and firing Molotov he does not make Stalin's mistake of physically liquidating them, though they are rudely and summarily disposed of. But in the elimination of non-Khrushchev men in the security forces (Beria-ites) and Georgians loyal to the Stalin myth, he is showing himself as merciless as his old instructor.

Down, but Still Breathing

In the familiar line of cold, grey faces atop Lenin's cold, red tomb, watching the Red Square parades pass by, one mustachioed figure was always seen quite close to Stalin. He was First Deputy Premier Lazar Moiseevich Kaganovich, onetime tanner's apprentice who became an able and ruthless administrator. Stalin was rumored to have married Kaganovich's sister Roza, though this has never been established as fact.

An Old Bolshevik, Kaganovich supported Stalin against Trotsky in the fight for power after Lenin died and was rewarded in 1930 with a Politburo seat and the first-secretaryship of the powerful Moscow Party Committee. It was in this job that he took under his political wing a mild-mannered and goateed young functionary named Nikolai Bulganin.

Always something of a maverick—he was the only Jew among top Soviet leaders to survive the purges—Kaganovich won Stalin's approval for his loyalty and toughness and got one top job after another. He played an important role in the party purges, was put in charge of the construction of the famed Moscow Metro and finally he became czar of Russia's railroads, a job that he pursued with such vigor during World War II that he instituted the death penalty for failure to make trains run on time. With responsibilities came rewards: his home town was named after him; so were half a dozen cities throughout the Soviet Union; so was the Moscow Metro.

After the war Stalin gave him the vital Ministry of Building Materials, then rushed him off to the Ukraine to put out fires of rebellion that the local party boss, another Kaganovich protégé, Khrushchev, seemed unable to handle. Later in Moscow, Kaganovich was placed in charge of labor.

Last week a two-paragraph item in *Pravda* reported that Lazar Moiseevich Kaganovich, at his own request, had resigned his post as labor boss of Russia. His successor is Alexander Petrovich Volkov, chairman of the rubber-stamp Council of the Union, and a man so little known that the latest edition of the Great Soviet Encyclopedia does not even list him.

Thus, like two other Old Bolsheviks before him—Comrades Molotov and Mikoyan—Lazar Kaganovich, at 62, has lost his big job, but not his head. One by one the Old Stalinists are disappearing from sight so that two other Old Stalinists, Bulganin and Khrushchev, can get on with their story that the heirs of Stalin had nothing to do with him.



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Who Wrote Anna Karenina?

Londoners were snickering last week over a story involving a recent visitor to their city: Russia's Nikita Khrushchev. Once he asked a student in Moscow: "Who wrote *Anna Karenina*?"

"Not me," answered the terrified student quickly. "I didn't do it."

This answer so distressed Comrade Khrushchev that he sent at once for the Soviet police chief and lectured him roundly on his outdated terroristic methods. Next day the chastened police chief returned and explained that the matter was all settled.

"How?" asked Khrushchev. "What did you do?"

"I interviewed the student myself," was the reply, "and he finally admitted that he *did* write *Anna Karenina*."

The story itself, in one version or another, is not new. What gave it spice for Londoners was the fact that Russia's Nikita Khrushchev told it on himself at 10 Downing Street.

WEST GERMANY

Three Achievements

Before flying off at week's end for his visit to the U.S., Konrad Adenauer showed again that at 80 he is still his country's and Europe's most commanding figure. In three decisive moves, he:

¶ Settled the thorny Saar dispute with France (see below).

¶ Made a compromise with the opposition parties that assured passage of his conscription bill.

¶ Put an end to the sabotaging tactics of his pennig-pinch Economy Minister Fritz Schäfer by negotiating an agreement to pay \$260 million in support of U.S. troops in Germany.

With these three achievements, he was ready to face the U.S., and in a position to reassure his allies that Germany means to keep its army pledge to NATO after all.

Solved at Last

Ever since the division of Charlemagne's empire, France and Germany have quarreled over the tiny but valuable Saar. Last week, without fanfare, West Germany's Konrad Adenauer and France's Guy Mollet solved the problem to the satisfaction of all concerned, including the 987,650 German-speaking, German-thinking Saarlanders themselves. The Germans gained politically, the French economically. The terms:

¶ By Jan. 1, 1957 the Saar will be politically integrated into Germany though the French will have diminishing economic rights until 1960.

¶ During the next 25 years the French will get 90 million tons of coal from the Saar's richest field at Warndt; 66 million tons they will mine themselves, the remainder will be mined by the Saarlanders, delivered to France and paid for at cost in French francs.

¶ At a cost of some \$130 million the German government, the Rheinisch-

Westfälisches Power Co., and France will build a canal on the Moselle connecting France's Lorraine mines and mills with the Ruhr and export markets.

In Germany everyone, including Adenauer's opposition, was happy. For the French, concluded *Le Monde*, it was "the only reasonable solution."

From the Bottom Up

West Germans are enjoying a remarkable prosperity that would be weakened by unifying with their poorer brothers in Communist East Germany. This is one reason why West German politicians (who would as soon denounce motherhood as reunification) privately concede that the reunification issue is not as real as the noise it makes.

Even so, there are always politicians ready to demand a new, direct approach

lations and new issues, though their currencies are supposedly unrelated.

¶ An overall German standardization committee supervises some 60 lesser committees regulating weights and measures in both Germanys.

¶ Public-health officials on all levels tell each other about such matters as polio outbreaks, cancellation of doctors' licenses, drug-law violations.

¶ The West German Plant Conservation Service at Kiel and the Soviet zone's Central Biological Office together maintain irrigation works that straddle the border, wage joint war against animal epidemics and that old enemy of German agriculture, the potato bug.

¶ East and West rail headquarters keep in constant touch over train schedules, freight costs, tickets, border control. The West German shipping administration in



FRANCE'S MOLLET GREETING GERMANY'S ADENAUER*
The Germans gained politically, the French economically.

to Moscow. For them, Chancellor Adenauer found a timely and devastating answer last week. It came from France's Premier Guy Mollet, as he and Adenauer talked over the Saar settlement. On his recent trip to Moscow, Mollet was told by Khrushchev: "Seventeen million Germans in hand are preferable to 70 million united, even though neutral Germans."

Yet, even while Bonn resists any high-level advances, Germans have begun to work toward unity from the bottom up. Items:

¶ Germany is sending a combined Olympic team to Melbourne this fall.

¶ East-West German trade flows at the rate of \$276 million a year. No fewer than 1,589 top West German industrial firms, led by Krupp, offered their wares at the Soviet zone's spring Leipzig Fair.

¶ The two banks of issue, the Bank Deutscher Länder and the Soviet zone's Deutsche Notenbank, carry on heavy correspondence over transfers, payment regu-

Hamburg and the Soviet zone agency in Magdeburg deal with each other in keeping barge traffic flowing on the Elbe and the big Mittelland canal.

¶ East and West agencies working on relief payments and pensions for war victims, as well as insurance companies on both sides, exchange files and reports.

¶ Scientific and cultural groups are increasing their contacts. Scholars from three West German and two East German universities work shoulder to shoulder in East Berlin preparing the authoritative German dictionary and *Monumenta Germaniae Historiae*.

¶ Local agreements multiply. Example: at Helmsdorf a coal mine split by the Iron Curtain is again being worked as one mine instead of two.

¶ Last week West Berlin's Mayor Otto Suhr announced the opening of negotia-

* At rear: German State Secretary for Foreign Affairs Walter Hallstein and Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano.



RED RIOTERS BLOCKING TROOP TRAIN AT LE HAVRE
Both yes and no and neither.

Associated Press

tions with East Berlin authorities on administrative matters. He emphasized that his government was the sole legal government of Greater Berlin but that things like traffic control, telephones, cemeteries had to be regulated.

The growth of these contacts, said an official of Adenauer's Ministry for All-German Affairs last week, "will soften up the border and flood the Iron Curtain away." Or, to put it another way, such collaboration amounts to a toleration of, and a living with, the reality of the Russian-imposed two Germanys.

FRANCE

Vote of Tolerance

For weeks France's Communists have been under orders to agitate against the war in Algeria, demonstrating against troop-train departures, plastering up posters, organizing protest meetings—all with a fine disregard of the fact that only three months ago the party's Deputies voted solidly to give the government a free hand in Algeria. Now Premier Guy Mollet had confronted them—and all French parties—with a demand for a "package" vote of confidence on his whole policy, including both Algeria and his domestic program.

In a heated caucus of the Communist Party councils, rank-and-file militants said they had been having a hard time explaining how the Communists could oppose the war in Algeria and still support the Socialist government. They demanded a show of hands, even though such a demand is hard to square with the theory of Communist discipline. The party elders, however, felt bound to hew to the Kremlin's new doctrine of fraternizing with the Socialists, whether or not the comradeship is reciprocated.

After 53 speeches by assorted comrades, ailing Party Chief Maurice Thorez

rasped his decision: the party would abstain in the Chamber of Deputies. Said Thorez: "It is absolutely imperative today that we do not detach ourselves from the Socialists. We must therefore avoid raising the barrier of a hostile vote."

Thanks to the Communists' embarrassment, Mollet eked out a vote of confidence, 271 to 59, with all 144 Communists and most conservatives abstaining. Less than half the Assembly's 593 Deputies had voted for him. "Technically a vote of confidence," said the London Times, "but in reality only one of tolerance."

A Traitor's Death

Early in April a young, black-haired French officer-candidate named Henri François Maillot deserted his comrades in the 504th Transport Battalion, and went over to the Algerian rebels with a truckload of guns and ammunition. His reason soon became apparent: Maillot was a Communist.

Last week the 504th, made up mostly of green young conscripts from Paris, was flushing out a rebel detachment near Orleansville. After a quarter-hour's firing they came upon five rebel dead, one of them a European with henna-dyed hair. Something about him looked familiar. When soldiers daubed his hair with black liquid dye, there was no disguising the features of Traitor Henri Maillot, his body riddled by 14 bullets fired by the comrades he had deserted.

On the Swiss Model

On the military quicksands of Algeria, the French army struggled a few steps forward. Five thousand troops last week swung a long dragnet out from the Moroccan border, began inching northward toward the sea, where ten warships waited for the advance to flush out fleeing rebels. In the Kabylie area, some 210 villages once controlled by the rebels offered their

submission. But in Paris, Socialist Finance Minister Paul Ramadier announced gloomily that the North African war was costing a billion francs (\$2.850,000) a day—as much as the Indo-China war took at its peak, and without any U.S. help. To pay for it, he asked for another \$285 million in revenue, to be raised by added taxes on army suppliers and a "civic" tax on visible signs of wealth—yachts, race horses, pianos, servants, etc.

But Premier Guy Mollet, like most of his Socialists, was acutely uncomfortable with his program of repression. Without publicity, the government has been trying to establish unofficial contact with rebel leaders. Last March, French Union Councillor Georges Gorse, a former Socialist deputy married to an Egyptian, traveled to Cairo, ostensibly to discuss trade but actually to meet the members of the National Liberation Front in their Cairo headquarters. More recently, French representatives unofficially got in touch with the rebels' military leader, Mohammed Ben Bella, on one of his trips to Madrid. So far there has been no progress, since the National Liberation leaders insist the French must first recognize the "fact of Algerian nationality."

Mollet is anxious for a new try and has a plan up his sleeve, which he hinted at in the debate when he talked of a new Algeria that would be "neither Moslem state nor an Arab state nor a French province." His idea is to create a highly decentralized Algerian state divided into 25 or so "cantons" on the model of Switzerland. Each would have its own local assembly and local administration. This would allow some, like those around Oran and Algiers, to have European majorities. Over the cantons would be a single legislative assembly of elected representatives from each canton. The Premier of the assembly would automatically become Vice Premier of the French government, assuring Algeria of a tie with France at the top. This future Algeria would be part of a new "French Federation," and Frenchmen in Algeria would hold dual nationality in both France and Algeria. The new Algerian state would have internal autonomy, but France would continue in control of its army and foreign relations and keep a veto on its finances.

Mollet does not expect to launch his plan until 1) France's army establishes a position of strength in Algeria, 2) he gets some assurance of a favorable reaction from Algerian nationalists.

MONACO

Lady Luck Ran Out

The gloomy gamblers of the Continent who frequent Monte Carlo's famed Casino are usually content to court fortune with no better equipment than a good-luck charm or an "infallible" system. Three Californians—Jason Lee, 60, Philip Aggie, 37, and Ralph Shaker, 40—were of a more practical stripe. Resolved to beat the American-type craps table at the old Casino, they arrived in Monaco, dropped



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CIGARETTE B	1.8	20.3
CIGARETTE C	1.8	20.6
CIGARETTE D	1.8	22.8
CIGARETTE E	2.1	19.0
CIGARETTE F	2.4	23.9
CIGARETTE G	2.5	21.3
CIGARETTE H	2.7	23.6
REGULAR SIZE FILTER CIGARETTES	MILLIGRAMS NICOTINE AV. PER CIG.	MILLIGRAMS TAR AV. PER CIG.
CIGARETTE A	1.9	19.3
CIGARETTE B	2.3	23.1
CIGARETTE C	2.5	22.0

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\$35,000 at the table, but returned to the U.S. with a handful of wax impressions of the Casino's dice. A month later, they went back armed for victory.

Ostentatiously ignoring one another one day last February, the three took their places around the craps table. Their plan was simple, and for a while it worked fine. Subtly substituting their own obedient cubes for the Casino's more capricious cubes as occasion demanded, the three picked up 2,300,000 francs (\$6,570) between them. Then something went wrong; the Casino dice that Aggie had temporarily removed from the contest got stuck in his sleeve, and he had to pass the croupier a loaded pair. A cherubic, bow-tied observer with the look of a house detective tipped the nod to the croupier, who promptly raked in the dice, and the three Californians, sensing that their good fortune might be at an end, tiptoed softly out of the gaming room, past the well-tended Casino gardens and across the border into France, which is only a few blocks away.

Soon afterward, French police had a look at their baggage and found 83 pairs of mismarked, loaded and topped dice, all counterfeited to bear the Monte Carlo mark, with a bill for the manufacture of same from a firm in Los Angeles. They arrested the trio.

Last week a Monacan judge invited the three Californians to stay on in Monte Carlo for an all-expenses-paid vacation lasting from six months to one year. The view of the Mediterranean from the jailhouse is said to rival that from Princess Grace's own boudoir window.

POLAND

Disillusioned Exile

Governments in exile have had a bleak time. They complain that Western governments have done little more than suffer their existence as sources of discontent and propaganda conveniences, have had no real solutions for their problems, no real advice except "Wait and hope." Waiting becomes progressively harder to bear, hope progressively fainter.

Of them all, Poland's government in London was the most substantial, based on the 200,000-strong colony of Polish refugees, many of whom fought with the Allies against the Nazis and got haven in postwar Britain. The Communists have made the Polish government in exile a special target of their recent "come-back-all-is-forgiven" campaign. Last fall the Communists scored a success when newly elected London Premier Hugo Hanke turned up in Warsaw and announced that he was staying. Last week the Communists scored another. Stanislaw Mackiewicz, Hanke's predecessor as Premier, abruptly and bitterly announced: "Since America and Britain have betrayed us and there is no hope of liberation of my people by the West, I find it my duty to return to my country." He was, he insisted, just as "anti-Communist as ever," but he was returning anyway. "Exile politics are just a dream," he said.

ITALY

Conversation Renewed

For nearly a decade Italian Socialists have been living with the bitter aftermath of the day in January 1947 when a lean, jut-jawed young intellectual bearing an honored name rose to address a party congress in the Great Hall of Rome University. The speaker was Matteo Matteotti. His father was Socialist Leader Giacomo Matteotti, modern Italy's No. 1 political martyr.*

Young Matteo Matteotti, bone-bred Socialist that he was, was nonetheless outraged by the alliance which Socialist Party Leader Pietro Nenni had just made with the Communists. Sadly, Matteotti charged Nenni with spreading "fear and terrorism" in the party. Then, amidst cries of "degenerate son," he stalked out to help or



Publication—Black Star

NENNI & MATTEOTTI

Nothing less than a miracle would do.

ganize a splinter group, which eventually became the anti-Communist Social Democratic Party.

In the years that followed, Nenni and Matteotti brushed past each other in the halls of the Italian Parliament without speaking. Last week, in the same Rome University building in which the 1947 split occurred, wily, aging (65) Pietro Nenni and 35-year-old Matteo Matteotti, now secretary of the Social Democratic Party, were once again in conversation. Nenni's Communist-linked Socialist Party had won a sizable vote in last month's Italian municipal elections. Its support could help the ruling Christian Democratic coalition to form governments in the more than 100 large Italian cities where no single party now has a clear-cut majority. The Christian Democrats were

* In 1924 Mussolini's bullyboys attacked him one day beside the Tiber, and stabbed him to death with a knife.

still spurning Nenni's aid, but Nenni thought that the Social Democrats (now one of three junior partners in the Christian Democratic coalition) might be willing to accept his tainted help. He addressed a letter to "Caro Matteo."

Many Social Democrats, including Vice Premier Giuseppe Saragat, the party's leader, were far from happy to see Matteotti negotiating with Stalin Peace Prize-winner Nenni. And right from the start, Nenni flatly refused to meet the most critical Social Democratic condition for collaboration—a demand that he break his "unity of action" pact with the Communists. Matteotti, carefully leaving the door open to further negotiations, said that the first round of talks produced "no ruptures and no miracles." At week's end, however, Saragat stepped in to make it clear that neither he nor the Social Democratic Party directorate would accept anything less than a miracle. Said Saragat: "We are ready for unification by any means but one: totalitarianism."

SOUTH KOREA

Inspectors, Go Home

The farce of neutral "inspection" of divided Korea came to an end last week. It had always been one-sided. Teams of truce inspectors—Swedes and Swiss appointed by the U.N., Poles and Czechs named by the Reds—freely ranged South Korea, making sure that the 1953 armistice restrictions were meticulously observed. But in North Korea, where a buildup of men and matériel has gone on in defiance of the armistice, Communist team members obstructed inspection wherever violations occurred.

Irked by this state of affairs, the Swiss and Swedes privately suggested dissolution of the inspection commission. At last the U.N. command agreed. Early one morning last week, 16 neutral inspection members stationed in South Korea's three main ports of entry—Kunsan, Inchon and Pusan—were told to pack up their belongings. Without incident, two transport planes and 18 helicopters flew them to the demilitarized zone at Panmunjom. The U.N. will continue to report South Korean military imports to the commission, but jubilant South Koreans, who regard the Czech and Polish inspectors as spies, were happy to be rid of them.

THE UNITED NATIONS

Who Is For Peace?

Peace—and U.N. prestige—took a beating at a Security Council meeting last week. To thank Dag Hammarskjöld for pulling Israel and the Arabs apart two months ago, and to maintain the momentum for peace built up by his Palestine mission, the British had cooked up a well-intentioned resolution. To make it speak for East as well as West, Britain's Sir Pierson Dixon tossed in a phrase from a Russian Foreign Ministry Office pronouncement of last April expressing hope for a peaceful settlement "on a mutually



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owner of Cosmetan Sun Glasses with plano lenses.

Bob thought he didn't need any sun glasses. Although it hasn't affected his appetite, he's been squinting worse than the gas station attendant. We're betting he'll change his mind before the trip is over!

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acceptable basis." Obviously it was a line the Soviets thought well of, for the same words found their way into the Anglo-Russian communiqué put out after the London visit of B. & K.

But the Arabs read it and blew up. They insisted that the council must strike the whole paragraph out: such words might commit the four Arab states to more than a military truce with the Israelis. Syria's Delegate Ahmed el Shukairy said flatly that to satisfy the Arabs "the establishment of Israel, its membership in the U.N. . . will have to be revoked."

Russia's Arkady Sobolev, grasping quickly at a chance to score with the Arabs, announced that his government would disown its words and vote to strike them from the resolution. Sir Pierson Dixon, after stiffly refusing to take out "five little words which are really a glimpse of the obvious," received new orders from "a higher authority," namely Sir Anthony Eden. At the next meeting the British and the U.S. yielded "in the interests of unanimity." Dropping the paragraph the Arabs objected to, the council voted a watered-down resolution calling on the secretary-general to keep using his good offices towards full compliance with the armistice agreements.

BURMA

The Day of the Tiger

In nearly 20 years of political life, Burma's smiling, round-faced U Nu has never lost the conviction that he is primarily "a dreamer, a writer." He is even convinced that, given a chance to concentrate, he might have become the Burmese Bernard Shaw. Circumstances have never given U Nu the opportunity to test his theory. In 1947, when terrorists murdered General Aung San and wiped out six

other leaders of the Burmese independence movement, Burma's last British Governor called on U Nu as the only Burmese with sufficient national stature to take over the country that Britain was preparing to leave. One year later, with U Nu barely installed as the first Premier of independent Burma, his nation was seized by a spate of rebellions.

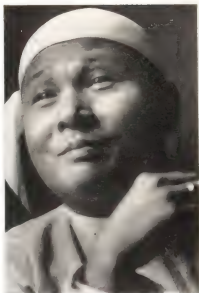
For a self-proclaimed dreamer and devout Buddhist, U Nu turned in a remarkable job as a man of action. Starting off with a shaky combat force of only 12,000 men, his government in eight years of intermittent fighting has succeeded in reducing to dispersed guerrillaism five major rebellious factions, including two varieties of Communists (White Flag Communists and Red Flag Trotskyites). Simultaneously, U Nu and his Socialists pushed through a land-reform program and began to lay the groundwork for industrialization.

No Time to Meditate. All the while, U Nu plaintively talked of retiring to a Buddhist monastery to meditate and write, and for two years his written resignation has been in the hands of Burma's ruling coalition, the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League.

Last week 49-year-old U Nu finally got his resignation accepted. But his destination was not the monastery. Though the coalition won a comfortable majority of 170 out of 250 seats in Burma's Chamber of Deputies in last April's elections, government leaders were disturbed by the fact that the Chamber now includes 47 Communists, a gain of about 40 seats. Determined not to let the Reds gain by political means what they failed to win by force, U Nu's colleagues agreed to let him leave the premiership "for a year" to devote all his time to political reorganization of the Anti-Fascist League.

No Change in Plan. To replace U Nu as Premier, the league named 40-year-old Defense Minister U Ba Swe (rhymes with hay), known to his friends as *Kyagi*—"The Big Tiger." (The nickname, according to a wifely indiscretion, derives not only from the fact that he was born on Monday, "the day of the tiger," but also from "his temper.") A colleague of U Nu since the '30s, when both were leaders in the anti-British activities of Rangoon University students, U Ba Swe narrowly escaped execution during World War II when the Japanese discovered that he had been using his position as chief of their puppet "civil defense unit" in Rangoon to cover up his activities as a leader of Burma's anti-Japanese resistance movement. Released from a Japanese prison at the intercession of U Nu, U Ba Swe promptly became boss of Burma's Socialists, and has long been the biggest political power in Burma.

An incessant cigarette smoker and dedicated billiards player, aloof, handsome U Ba Swe is a tougher, less gracious man than U Nu. Unlike his predecessor, he avoids unnecessary contact with Westerners and, while arguing that "there is a sea of difference between being a Marxist and being a Communist," flatly calls himself a



U Nu

A change of personalities.

Marxist. Last week, however, as he took office in Rangoon, the Big Tiger made it clear that he planned few changes in Burmese domestic policy and none in U Nu's neutralist foreign policy. "This," said U Ba Swe, "is only a change of personalities."

GREAT BRITAIN

The Not Never Policy

On the day Governor Sir John Harding flew back to London to confer with the Eden government last week, his security forces announced the capture of 17 E.O.K.A. terrorists in a mountain sweep. The announcement was timed to support Sir John's report that the tough policy on Cyprus is starting to pay off. With sharp, soldierly precision, Harding told a closed-door meeting of 300 M.P.s at Westminster how it works: only when terrorism is stamped out will the "fertile vacuum" be created in which new, moderate Cypriot leaders will emerge.

Tories rose to their feet and applauded the doughty little soldier. Laborites remained seated in silence, and at the end of his 40-minute speech were obviously displeased by his cool toughness. Though he has 19,000 troops against a "hard core" of only 80 to 150 terrorists, Harding now considers that the job of restoring order, originally estimated to take until September, may take until "the end of the year."

The field marshal was adamant in his opposition to bringing back Archbishop Makarios from his Seychelles island exile. It still remains to be seen whether any other responsible Cypriot leader can be found to accept the British offer on self-determination, which still stands in all its negative ambiguity as laid down by Colonial Secretary Alan Lennox-Boyd: "It is not the Government's position that the principles of self-determination can never be applicable to Cyprus."



Burmese News Photo Service

U Ba Swe

A sea of difference.

THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

The Expected Plot

That there would be a rebellion against Argentina's military government was an open secret, and it was awaited with grim relish by the ardent young officers who fought in last September's revolution to bring down Dictator Juan Perón. They



VICE PRESIDENT ROJAS
Well in hand.

and their leader and hero, Admiral Isaac Rojas, itched to inflict a lesson in hot lead on the endlessly plotting Peronista party chiefs, labor leaders and pro-Perón officers cashiered by the revolutionary government. As luck would have it, when the plot popped this week, hard-boiled Vice President Rojas was in top command of the armed forces while amiable President Pedro Aramburu was returning by river minesweeper from an interior tour. The uprising was relentlessly crushed.

In Buenos Aires the attackers, mostly former noncommissioned officers, stormed the downtown War Arsenal and the neighboring Army Mechanics' School. Meeting brisk fire coolly directed by the school's commander, Colonel Pizarro Jones, they fell back and were captured. In suburban Lanús, armed civilians attacked a police station: 18 of them and the two retired army officers who commanded them were executed on the spot.

At La Plata, the meat-packing city just downriver from the capital, the plotters successfully subverted the 7th Infantry Regiment. But soldiers and marines held the rebels at bay in the barracks until after dawn. Then the admiral sent jet planes to bomb and strafe the barracks, and the insurgents surrendered. Deeper in the pampas, plotters captured government buildings and a radio station at the

cattle capital of Santa Rosa. Over the radio, for three hours, they demanded "freedom for all political prisoners, elections in six months, the cancellation of the Prebisch [economic recovery] Plan, lower living costs." As Rojas' 13th Cavalry retook Santa Rosa with air support, the radio abruptly ceased its clatter. Fourteen hours after the uprising began, Rojas, gaunt and tired, appeared on the balcony of Government House to announce victory and praise the "indestructible union of the armed forces."

CANADA

Pipeline Gamble

Canada's most violent political storm in two decades blew itself out last week. Three weeks of bitter debate, marked by some of the wildest scenes ever witnessed in the staid Canadian Parliament, ended with the passage of the government's natural-gas pipeline bill (TIME, May 21) just six hours before the deadline for starting work on the project this year.

Under the bill's terms, the Canadian government will lend up to \$80 million to the U.S.-controlled Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd. to launch one of the biggest and riskiest construction projects ever undertaken in Canada. The company will begin building the world's longest gas pipeline, costing more than \$350 million, to bring Alberta gas some 2,000 miles to industrial Eastern Canada. Trans-Canada must complete the first 574-mile leg to Winnipeg before next Dec. 31 and must repay the loan, with 5% interest, by next April. If it fails, the company will lose all its assets in government loan foreclosure.

Staked on the pipeline, along with Trans-Canada's financial future, is the political fate of Canada's long-ruling Liberal government. Opposition parties and most of the Canadian press bitterly opposed the lending of public funds to Trans-Canada, a firm originally set up by Texas Oilman Clint Murchison and still 83% owned by U.S. gas and oil interests. Some of the opponents of the loan held out for a public-owned pipeline; others demanded that the money be lent to a Canadian company. The government stuck to its argument that Trans-Canada was the only builder with the equipment and know-how to begin the pipeline this year. Four times during the angry debate, the Liberals invoked the detested, rarely used closure rule to ram the measure through.

Their use of the gag technique in Parliament will weigh against the Liberals in the next election campaign. The opposition parties, sounding off at a steadily rising pitch against U.S. financial control of Canadian industry, will belabor the government for its support of Trans-Canada. But if Alberta gas is gushing through to Winnipeg this year, the government will be able to point to a notable industrial asset gained, and to argue that the end justified the means.

PERU

Wide-Open Election

Campaign posters plastered the stately palms on Lima's Avenida Arequipa, crisscrossed the city's statues, flapped from every wall. Neon lights blinked political slogans, and the bellow of the sound truck was heard in the land. In Peru this week, the eight-year rule of a military strongman was coming to a surprising climax in a wide-open presidential election.

President Manuel Odría did not originally plan any such free vote. An orderly general who has brought Peru a glow of prosperity by his economic reforms, Odría cherished the ambition of designating a friendly successor who would carry on his work. His plan was to offer one official candidate to the electorate for ratification, thus neatly fulfilling constitutional forms. But over the last year, step by step, the controlled election got out of control. Now, while Peru and Odría watch in suspense, three candidates are battling unpredictably for the presidency:

HERNANDO DE LAVALLE, 58, candidate of Odría's minuscule Restoration Party, is a corporation lawyer (retained by almost every big U.S.-owned firm in Peru), banker and hard-working millionaire.

MANUEL PRADO, 67, candidate of his own personalist party and a former (1939-







PRESIDENT ODRÍA
Out of control.

45) President, is the archetype of the Peruvian oligarch, wealthy from banking, real estate and industry. Sitting amidst the priceless antiques in his mansion, he says: "I am the man of the people."

FERNANDO BELAUNDE TERRY, 43, likewise the candidate of a party of his friends, is one of Peru's top architects. He is running on what, for Peru, is a hot-eyed



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Balance of Power. But neither work nor wealth nor social plans are going to win the election in Peru. What probably will tip the balance is the under-the-surface support of APRA, the only real political party in the country. Ironically enough, APRA (a word in its own right in Peru, formed by the initials of the American Popular Revolutionary Alliance) is the party that Odría overthrew and outlawed in 1948. But APRA's voting strength seems to have survived.

The single candidate that Odría at first proposed could have ignored APRA. But the mere announcement of elections a year ago stirred a couple of hopeful candidates to enter the race. At a hoisterous rally for one of them in Arequipa in December, Odría's police panicked and fired rifles, wounding ten men. To stem the nationwide protest, Odría had to give amnesty to Apristas and change the election law to permit vote-counting in public at the polling places in the presence of opposition observers, instead of secretly, as in the past. A real election became a possibility; other candidates earnestly got into the fight. Odría, who used to say that "it has been shown beyond any doubt that it is impossible to coexist with APRA," began to woo APRA's vote himself.

This new and sudden cordiality paid Odría one quick dividend: APRA, with plenty of reason for joining any revolt against the dictator, gave no backing at all to the abortive February uprising of army officers at Iquitos (TIME, Feb. 27). Odría's negotiations with APRA grew serious. He offered the party eventual legality and the immediate right to run candidates for Congress if APRA would support his chosen successor.

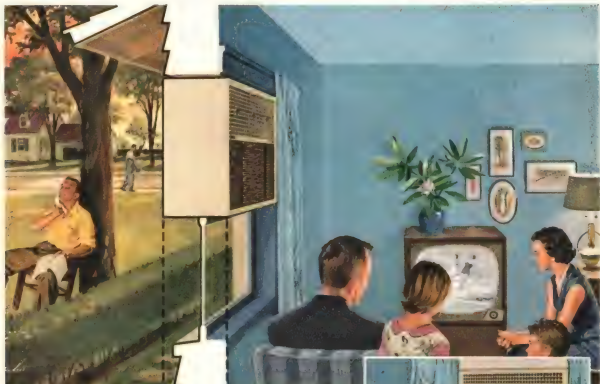
APRA agreed. Odría chose Lavalle, and most other candidates dropped out. Only Prado and Belaunde stayed on as formal opposition candidates. By mid-May, when a mostly Aprista throng of 35,000 cheered Lavalle in Lima, Odría seemed on the verge, after all, of electing his man.

Deal that Failed. Only a detail remained: Odría had to get Cabinet approval for a decree permitting APRA to run candidates for Congress. He failed. The military officers in the Cabinet, whose recent prosperity might invite the scrutiny of a pro-APRA Congress, refused to sign. With that, the deal was off and the election was thrown wide open.

Officially, APRA now supports no candidate; to support Prado or Belaunde would be to invite the army to nullify the election on the grounds that an "illegal" party elected the winner. But Apristas individually can still vote—and APRA has told them to do so. Candidate Prado would welcome these votes, but the Apristas are cool to him. Instead, they have rallied to Belaunde. One night last week 60,000 citizens turned out for him.

As the campaign drew to an end last week, the fact was that Strongman Odría's election had turned out to be so wide open that not even he could pick the winner.

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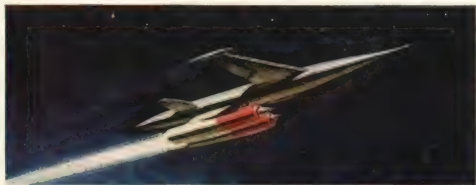
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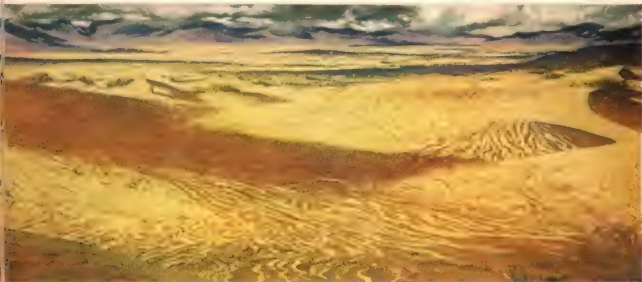


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to outer space

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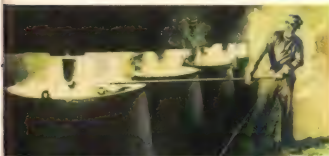
Norton, in fact, starts almost every product it makes. Norton electrochemically refines these products and

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Addressing a pack of peace-loving fellow travelers, Britain's white-maned Dr. **Hewlett Johnson**, 52, the Red Dean of Canterbury, tartly reported that he was "shocked" recently to be accosted in London by a prostitute. Said he, in view of his age and clerical garb: "I didn't approve of the girl's taste." Moral of his story: "Such a thing would never happen in the Soviet Union!"

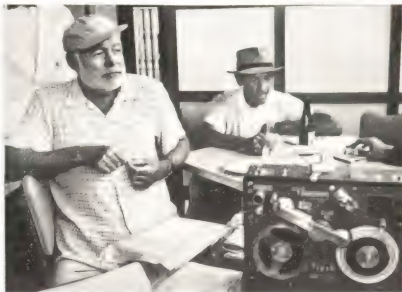
In Brussels, where he is attached to the British embassy, Group Captain **Peter Townsend**, 41, ex-suitor of **Princess Margaret**, announced that he has resigned from the R.A.F., effective next fall. His plans for the future: an 18-month, globe-circling tour in a Land Rover (the British blimp of a jeep), driving wherever there is the semblance of a road, traveling between hemispheres by ship. He will journey alone. Purpose of the trip: "I just want to go."

In Manhattan, **TIME** Inc.'s Editor-in-Chief **Henry R. Luce** received the annual Gold Brotherhood Award from the National Conference of Christians and Jews. In his acceptance speech, Editor Luce listed five goals of mankind that Americans are prepared to work for: freedom of religion, peace with justice that permits change, freedom to seek truth, economic abundance, a democratic world.

Looking every inch the dowager, aging (43) Five & Dime Heiress **Barbara Hutton** and her sixth husband, ex-Tenniser **Baron Gottfried von Cramm**, turned out for a France vs. West Germany tennis match, a regional Davis Cup competition



BARBARA HUTTON & HUSBAND
Still clear of the rocks.



PAPA HEMINGWAY & OLD MAN RAMIREZ
Clear vindication at the "bistro."

in Duisburg, West Germany. Despite gossip that No. 6 is also bound for the rocks, unsmiling **Barbara** appeared to be neither rollicking nor rifting with jobless **Von Cramm**.

Party-Lining Baritone **Paul Robeson**, 58, battling for six years to get a passport in order to visit behind the Iron Curtain, was as far from the promised land as ever. The U.S. Court of Appeals unanimously upheld a dismissal of Robeson's suit against Secretary of State **John Foster Dulles**. Robeson's perennial dilemma: until he unclams about his past and present Red ties he will not even be considered for a passport.

At his home in Cuba, Author **Ernest Hemingway** was mad enough to fight a duel over an affair of honor. A shabby tale, widely spread by prattling European magazines, was depicting Papa as the very worst kind of literary thief. Nobelman Hemingway, went the yarn, had promised a poor Cuban fisherman a new boat in exchange for the old man's own true-sea stories, from which Papa then drew his famed novelette, *The Old Man and the Sea*. With callous ingratitude, he had never even thanked his pitiful source of such profitable material. When the ugly canard, headed "Old Miguel and Hemingway's Word," hit Page One of Havana's big (circ. 52,000) morning daily, *Excelsior*, it bloomed too close to home. Thoroughly enraged, Hemingway went to the Warner Bros. unit now filming *The Old Man* in Cuba, borrowed a tape-recorder man, a cameraman and a pressagent. Soon, Papa was set up in his favorite local bistro, La Terraza Café, on the harbor of Cojimar, a fishing village near Havana. With him sat grizzled Miguel Ramirez, 63, named in the stories as Papa's real Old Man. In colorfully fractured Spanish, Papa drew from Ramirez an admission: "It's

all a lie." Next day Havana's *Excelsior* grudgingly headlined: **HEMINGWAY DENIES HE MADE ANY PROMISES**.

Backstage, all was not serene with Old Trouper **Mae West** and her touring menage of Bikini-diapered musclemen (*TIME*, May 21). One of Mae's big hunks, Miklos ("Mickey") Hargitay, 32, a likable sort of Hunarian Lil' Abner, renowned in physical-culture circles as **Mr. Universe** (6 ft. 2 in., 220 lbs.), had crashingly fallen for Broadway's Daisy-Mae-Westish Actress **Jayne** (*Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*) **Mansfield**, 23, in full view of the tabloids. A stern theatrical disciplinarian, Sexagenarian West, punishing Mickey for openly airing his romance, demoted him in her show by putting him back on the biceps line. Since everything Mickey had now seemed to be Jayne's, Mae also killed a scene in which Mr. Universe had husked to her, twice nightly, the vintage tune *Everything I Have Is Yours*. Mae's beefcake troupe rolled on to Washington, D.C., and there the backstage tensions erupted last week at a 'tween-shows press conference. Scarcely had the interview begun when Biceps Boy (212 lbs.) **Chuck Krauser**, **Mr. California**, took exception to Mickey's remarks and belabored Mr. Universe's face, mousing his left eye and dazing him. Mr. Universe, blue-suede shoes splattered with his own blood, hung on to a door jamb. Crowded Mae of the groggy Adonis: "He's dangerous. You can see what he's trying to do. . . I'm an institution! You can't drag an institution down!" Then Mae pointed to her chaise longue and barked at Mickey: "Lay down! Go on, lay down!" Whimpered Mr. Universe: "I don't want to lay down, Miss West." Mr. California's assault trial was set for late this month, and Mr. Universe was suing for \$50,000. At week's end, Mickey flew to New York City and Daisy Mae Mansfield.



"PEOPLE'S CAPITALISM" AT WORK. Philip D. Reed (left), Board Chairman of General Electric, and Ralph J. Cordiner,

President, face the largest meeting of share owners ever assembled—nearly 4,000 General Electric share owners who attend

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8. And finally, we in America believe deeply in competition versus the cartel. Competition is the spark plug of our economy. It keeps us endlessly, urgently searching and researching for new and better products, more efficient methods of

production and improved marketing techniques.

As we see it, the more the principles of America's distinctive brand of capitalism become known and understood, the more certain everyone can be of continued progress — progress which is shared by consumers, employees, share owners, all businesses—large and small, and the nation.

For your copy of the report of the Annual Meeting of General Electric Share Owners, write us at Department 2A-119, Schenectady, N. Y.

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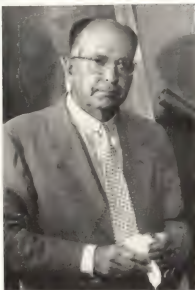
Emergency at Walter Reed

The human digestive tract can become inflamed anywhere along its 25-to-35-ft. length from gullet to anus. Inflammation of the stomach (gastritis) or large bowel (colitis) is common. For reasons that medical researchers have not yet fathomed, inflammation of the ileum, the lower third of the small bowel, is far less common. It escaped description as a recognized disease until 1937, when Dr. Burrill Crohn, of Manhattan's Mount Sinai Hospital, listed its symptoms and put a name to it: regional ileitis. Usually it is limited to the last couple of loops in the small intestine before the junction with the ascending colon, part of the large intestine (see chart). Europeans often call it Crohn's disease.

The cause of ileitis is unknown (even the tubercle bacillus was once indicted, now dysentery bacteria are suspected), and the disease is probably commoner than was believed until recently, because it is difficult to diagnose. Emotional disturbances are often prominent features: anxiety, tension and irritability. One authority recommends lowering emotional tension by "leaves of absence from college or business, or by the solution of marital problems."

The effects of ileitis are fairly well-known. Inflammation in the end loops causes the walls of the ileum to become engorged with blood, while the inner surface develops scar tissue. The inflamed area becomes swollen with water. These conditions narrow the passage through which the remnants of food, now mostly digested, pass into the colon. When the closure is extreme, waste matter cannot be discharged.

When such a closure struck President Eisenhower early Friday morning, he felt pains in the lower quarter of his abdo-



Edward Clark—LIFE

SURGEON HEATON

An hour and 53 minutes of calm urgency.

men. At the first call from Mamie Eisenhower, Presidential Physician Howard McCrum Snyder, knowing his longtime patient's susceptibility to indigestion, prescribed milk of magnesia; he figured hopefully that it could do no harm and might bring the upset to a quick end. But as Ike's discomfort became gradually worse, Snyder went to the White House to sit up the rest of the night with him. The President vomited repeatedly, and Dr. Snyder now knew that something worse than a stomach upset had hit the President. Calling in Walter Reed's Dr. Francis Pruitt to help, Dr. Snyder deduced by noontime that the President had acute ileitis. This diagnosis, one of more than a dozen possi-

bilities suggested by the symptoms, could not have been confirmed in the White House bedroom without X rays if Snyder had not been familiar with Ike's previous attacks and his medical history. This goes back to a "voluntary" appendectomy in 1923—after a series of unexplained upsets—and severe dysentery in the 1930s. On either of these occasions the disease could have planted itself. It usually strikes between the ages of 20 and 40.

It was obviously necessary to get Ike to the hospital to confirm the diagnosis and determine what to do about it.

But what if it were decided to operate? Ike was full of an anti-clotting drug that he had been taking regularly since his heart attack to reduce the danger of other blood clots forming in his coronary arteries. By reducing the blood's clotting tendencies, such a drug creates a danger of excessive bleeding during surgery. Furthermore, would Ike's heart stand the strain of a prolonged major operation under deep general anesthesia? These were among the grave matters to be decided by the more than a dozen doctors who eventually sat in on the case in the living room of the presidential suite at Walter Reed hospital.

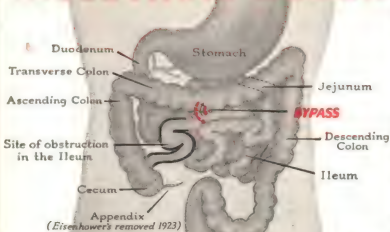
Failure: Suction. First, of course, everything possible was done to avert the need for surgery. An uncomplaining patient, Ike submitted to the discomfort of having a thin Levin tube worked up his nose, down his gullet and into his stomach. This was hooked up with a Wangenstein suction apparatus in the hope that the backed-up, partly digested food could be drawn off. But it did not help. X rays showed that the intestine was in fact closing more tightly. Soon the doctors could hear no bowel sounds through their stethoscopes. These were clear danger signs: such a severe blockage might quickly lead to shock or to gangrene in the bowels; either of these could mean quick death.

Fortunately, Ike's heartbeat, blood pressure and breathing were normal as he lay abed, sustained only by intravenous feedings with glucose. The anti-clotting drug was being counteracted. Heart Specialists Paul D. White and Thomas Mattingly were confident that their patient could take the strain of operation, agreed to stand by in the operating theater in case of emergency. At 2 a.m., seeing no sign of a break in the intestinal roadblock, the doctors decided unanimously: operate.

Anesthesiologists Harvey Slocum and Howard Kortis went to Ike's room and gave him a shot of Pentothal sodium, augmenting it with a small injection of curare (Indian arrow poison) to relax his muscles. After time for these to take effect, attendants carried Ike on his bed to the operating theater 100 yards down the hall on the same floor. There a team of 15 doctors and nurses awaited him.

Tall, bespectacled Major General Leonard Dudley Heaton, commandant at Walter Reed and one of the nation's top surgeons, was head man. He had performed, many times, the operation he was about to

INTESTINAL BLOCK



TIME Drawing by V. Pugliese

perform on the President of the U.S. Facing him across the operating table stood Philadelphia Surgeon Isidor Schwanner Ravidin. Two sterile nurses* flanked them. At the head of the table. Anesthesiologists Slocum and Kortis hovered over their cylinders, valves and gauges. They slipped a tube into Ike's windpipe and put him under with nitrous oxide mixed with oxygen, followed by ether. Two circulating nurses and two additional nurses kept the surgeons' trays filled with gauze and assorted gadgets.

Exposed: Small Bowel. Only the President's lower-right belly peeped from beneath his green surgical sheets. Surgeon Heaton swabbed the area with an antiseptic, then raised his scalpel and made a six-inch incision to the right of the mid-line (between the navel and Ike's old appendectomy scar), extending upward to the rib margin. A trickle of blood was swabbed. Then Heaton cut through the relatively bloodless muscle wall and the peritoneum into the abdominal cavity. Retractors held the gaping wound open as Heaton and Ravidin explored deeper. Under the brilliant lights, the surgeons worked without seeming hurry but with a tremendous sense of urgency. Every two or three minutes the anesthesiologists reported: "Your patient is doing well."

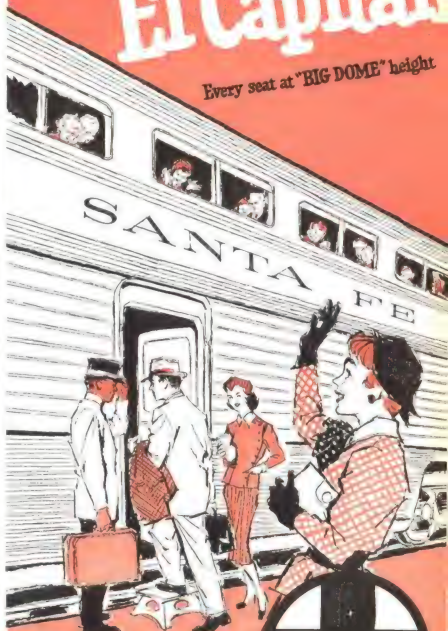
Eventually the surgeons laid bare the end of the small bowel. It was grossly inflamed and so swollen that they estimated the inside passage to be no wider than the lead in a pencil. Tracing it back they found that the disease spread along a ten-inch stretch. A quick consultation with Dr. Brian Blades and Dr. John H. Lyons (who, like White, were standing by, but were unscrubbed) confirmed the operating-surgeons' view. The diseased area need not be cut out, but should be bypassed.

This decision demanded another: How? There was no undiseased ileum next to the ascending colon, and it would have been difficult to make a connection there. It seemed best to cut a new channel into the transverse colon, bypassing the ascending colon, which removes water from the bowel contents. In time, nature would transfer the bypassed colon's water-absorbing quality to a portion still in use. The doctors were so confident, on the basis of hand and naked-eye examination ("gross pathology"), that the diseased area showed no sign of malignancy that they did not bother to take a biopsy specimen (a tiny tissue sample) for microscopic examination. They decided to leave the ten-inch diseased area in place, assuming that in a man of Ike's age it will atrophy from disuse, cause no trouble or discomfort. Making a 1½-inch hole in the ileum and another like it in the colon, the surgeons put the two pieces of gut side-by-side and stitched around the holes, completing what they call an "ileo-transverse colos-

* So-called because only they handle sterile instruments. Non-sterile nurses put aside used instruments and waste materials. Some surgeons call the two classes simply "clean nurses" and "dirty nurses."

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*DuPont polyester fiber. †Price slightly higher in the West.

tomy." Then they closed up the President's abdomen. The entire operation had taken an hour and 53 minutes.

Within six hours Ike was awake, feeling some smarting and pain, but able to make restrained wisecracks with the hospital staff. He was spared the discomfort of having drains in the wound because there were no accumulations of pus at the site of surgery, and with their patient on precautionary antibiotics, the doctors had no reason to fear that any would develop. Ike needed little sedation (meperidine) to help him sleep (he dozed most of the time next day, spent "a reasonably comfortable" first night). The doctors fed glucose into his veins. Intravenous feeding was to go on for four days. The suction tube was left in to draw off gas lest he become distended and disrupt his wound. This week, with all going well, the President will get his first liquids by mouth. Thirty-one hours after the operation, he took his first steps with the help of two orderlies.

Facing the press after his hard night's work, Surgeon Heaton was confident about the President's chance for a full recovery. That chance is indeed good. Perhaps 15%, not more than 35%, of ileitis patients who undergo surgery later have recurrences, sometimes requiring further operations. Ike's prospects are indicated by the remarkable vitality that enabled him to snap back so successfully after his heart attack.

Viruses & Cancer

A brilliant University of California virologist got up before the Third National Cancer Conference in Detroit last week, balanced himself carefully, then walked away out on a limb. Said Nobel Prize-winner Wendell M. Stanley: "I believe the time has come when we should assume that viruses are responsible for most, if not all, kinds of cancer, including cancer in man, and design and execute our experiments accordingly."

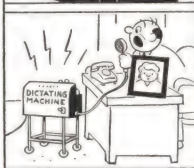
By chance, the conference heard independent evidence that seemed to support Dr. (Ph.D.) Stanley's sweeping theory: three Chicago researchers took fluids from the brains of leukemia patients and also from leukemic mice, filtered out all the cells and injected the material into healthy young mice. These mice developed leukemia (cancer of the blood) in two to twelve weeks (though mice of this strain do not usually develop it until they are six months old). Two Boston researchers gave the virus-cancer theory a little boost by reporting that they are already trying a vaccine in patients who already have cancer to see whether the shots will help them fight the disease.

Other experts remained skeptical. No human-cancer-causing virus particle has ever been seen. But Stanley had an answer to this: a molecule of nucleic acid, normally part of a virus particle, can behave like the virus itself and cause disease. So he suggested that the definition of viruses include some nucleic acids and perhaps other molecules. If he succeeds in thus changing the rules for future studies, Stanley might come out right.

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MUSIC

The High Cost of Luxury

Out front in the red plush seats, the Metropolitan Opera often gives off the suggestions of high living—the rustle of silks, the lambent touch of mink, a bouquet of costly perfumes. But the \$4,500,000-a-year business of putting on the opera, a money-losing enterprise at best, always is a matter of shirtsleeves and hard heads, of penny-pinching and tough bargaining. Last month the Met's money-harried management threatened to cancel next winter's entire season because the managers and the artists' union could not get together on contract terms. But last week, at the last moment, the Met was saved by one of the soundest last-ditch devices of labor negotiations.

The point of contention was a demand by the American Guild of Musical Artists, i.e., the singers and dancers, for salary increases and job security. Management refused to budge, particularly because its contracts with the musicians' and stagehands' unions specified that they could be reopened if any of the Met's other employees get a raise. After nine weeks of negotiations, and less than twelve hours before a deadline beyond which the Met felt it could not go if it was to have adequate financing for the new season, Al Manuti, president of Local 802 of the Musicians' Union, stepped in to referee the dispute.

His method was that favored by U.S. labor conciliators when all else has failed. The disputing parties were asked to sit in separate rooms beyond earshot of angry voices while President Manuti scamped between them. After seven hours he persuaded the Met to give its chorists a raise to \$2.55 an hour for all rehearsal time after the first 15 hours each week, to reduce from 21 to 16 hours a week the rehearsal time that Met ballet dancers are required to put in without pay. The Met also threw in a job-security provision for the chorus and dancers. At week's end it seemed certain that the Met curtains will open on schedule.

Yeh-Heh-Heh-Hes, Baby

In Boston Roman Catholic leaders urged that the offensive music be boycotted. In Hartford city officials considered revoking the State Theater's license after several audiences got too rowdy during a musical stage show. In Washington the police chief recommended banning such shows from the National Guard Armory after brawls in which several people were injured. In Minneapolis a theater manager withdrew a film featuring the music after a gang of youngsters left the theater, snake-danced around town and smashed windows. In Birmingham champions of white supremacy decried it as part of a Negro plot against the whites. At a wild concert in Atlanta's baseball park one night, fists and beer bottles were thrown, four youngsters were arrested.

The object of all this attention is a

musical style known as "rock 'n' roll," which has captivated U.S. adolescents as swing captivated prewar teen-agers and ragtime vibrated those of the '20s. It does for music what a motorcycle club at full throttle does for a quiet Sunday afternoon.

Rock 'n' roll is based on Negro blues, but in a self-conscious style which underlines the primitive qualities of the blues with malice aforethought. Characteristics: an unrelenting, socking syncopation that sounds like a bull whip; a choleric saxophone honking mating-call sounds; an electric guitar turned up so loud that its sound shatters and splits; a vocal group that shudders and exercises violently to



ROCK 'N' ROLLER HALEY
Too big to ignore.

the beat while roughly chanting either a near-nonsense phrase or a moronic lyric in hillbilly idiom.

Samples:

*My love is so hot
My love is hotter than a hot-rod
My love is hotter than that
My love is hotter than a pistol
Cause, Baby, I've got you.*

or

*Long tall Sally has a lot on the ball
Nobody cares if she's long and tall
Oh, Baby! Yeh-heh-heh-hes, Baby
Whoa-oo-oo-oo, Baby! I'm havin' me
some fun tonight, yeah.*

Obsessive Beat. The fad began to flame a couple of years ago, when pop music was so languid and soupy that kids could no longer dance to it—and jazz headed farther out. Rock 'n' roll got its name, as it got some of its lyrics, from Negro popular music, which used "rock" and "roll" as sexy euphemisms. It caught on with the

small record companies, e.g., Dot, King, Sun, that flourish in the Southern, Central and Western states, and soon it grew too big for the majors to ignore. Strangely enough, a group of nonmusicians became the objects of teen-age adulation—the rock-'n'-roll disk jockeys such as Manhattan's Alan Freed, Boston's Bill Marlowe, Los Angeles' Gene Norman.

When their names appear on theater and dance-hall marquees announcing a stage show or "record hop," the stampede is on. The theater is jammed with adolescents from the 9 a.m. curtain to closing, and it rings and shrieks like the jungle-bird house at the zoo. If one of the current heroes is announced—groups such as Bill Haley and His Comets or The Platters, or a soloist such as Elvis Presley—the shrieks become deafening. The tumult completely drowns the sound of the spastically gyrating performers despite fully powered amplification. Only the obsessive beat pounds through, stimulating the crowd to such rhythmical movements as clapping in tempo and jumping and dancing in the aisles. Sometimes the place vibrates with the beat of music and stamping feet, and not infrequently kids have been moved to charging the stage, rushing ushers and theater guards.

Suggestive as Swing. There is no denying that rock 'n' roll evokes a physical response from even its most reluctant listeners, for that giant pulse matches the rhythmical operations of the human body, and the performers are all too willing to specify it. Said an Oakland, Calif. policeman, after watching Elvis ("The Pelvis") Presley (TIME, May 14) last week: "If he did that in the street, we'd arrest him." On the other hand, the fans dances are far from intimate—the wiggling 12- and 13-year-olds (and up) barely touch hands and appear oblivious of one another. Psychologists feel that rock 'n' roll's deepest appeal is to the teens' need to belong; the results bear passing resemblance to Hitler mass meetings.

Does rock-'n'-roll music itself encourage any form of juvenile delinquency? Illinois' Cook County Sheriff Joseph D. Lohman, who was a professional sociologist and criminologist before becoming sheriff, says: "I don't think there's any correlation between juvenile delinquency and rock 'n' roll, but rock 'n' roll is a symptom of a condition that can produce delinquency." Even Boston's fired-up anti-r. & r. campaigners concede that "it is a fad that has been adopted by the hoodlum element, and that's where the trouble starts." A Bridgeport, Conn. mental hygiene expert with a long memory feels that the music is no more suggestive than swing, and that the youthful dances are no more dangerous than the Charleston. Pop Record Maker Mitch Miller, no rock 'n' roller, sums up for the defense: "You can't call any music immoral. If anything is wrong with rock 'n' roll, it is that it makes a virtue out of monotony." For the prosecution, the best comment comes indirectly from Actress Judy Holliday in *Born Yesterday*: It's just not couth, that's all.

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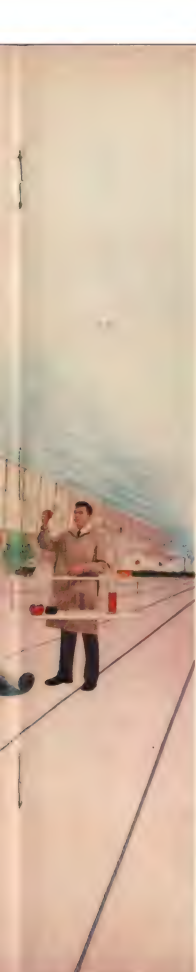
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SPORT

Then There Were Two

In London last week ancient (42) Archie Moore peered curiously for nine sparring rounds at a raw West Indian named Yolande Pompey before calmly knocking him kicking in the tenth to hold on to his light-heavyweight title. This business settled, Archie sat back to await the outcome of a fight he found more interesting: the twelve-round battle in Manhattan between Floyd Patterson and Tommy "Hurricane" Jackson. As Archie—and most of the boxing trade—figured it, the winner would have to fight him in the fall for the heavyweight title, up for grabs since Rocky Marciano retired last April.

The two came to Madison Square Garden in tough trim—sleepy-eyed Floyd Patterson, at 21 about the most exciting young fighter in the game, and wild-eyed Tommy Jackson, 24, a fistic freak whose boundless energy and impervious head have thwarted most of the best men in the heavyweight division. To prove he was ready for man's estate, young Patterson needed to knock the ears off Jackson.

Lite and trim at 178 lbs., Patterson gave away 15 lbs. to Jackson and came out slugging with both hands. He darted under the amazing (80-in.) reach of Jackson to slash right and left hands to the head. It was like punching a bowling ball. Jackson (193½ lbs.) merely blinked, plowed forward, Patterson was so eager that he frequently resorted to amateurish tricks, even tried leaping-kangaroo right-hand leads that would have invited destruction from a smarter opponent.

Patterson, for all his 21 K.O.s in 29 pro victories, could not even tumble Hurricane. The tall boy merely scowled, in the seventh even had the strength to blow up a storm of his own. His bee-swarming

attack of pushes and pawings mixed with a few punches had Patterson going backward for the greater part of three rounds. But Patterson was more chastened than hurt; he came back in the final rounds with a crowd-rousing demonstration of a light-heavy frapping the brains of a cast-iron heavyweight. Jackson somehow stayed on his feet, twice taking the scenic route back to his corner, but always up and eager for the next round. "How can Jackson stand up under that?" a woman asked in the stands. "It's not human!" Said her escort: "He's not human."

When all was totted up, Patterson's lashing attack had won him a split decision, proved he was a first-rate pro—but postponed his try for the heavyweight title. In the dressing room Patterson discovered why his right hand had hurt since the sixth round: the fourth metacarpal was broken. This would probably postpone a September fight with Moore, probably would match Moore with Jackson in a nontitle match. Either way, old Archie Moore was not particularly perturbed. "I've seen both Patterson and Jackson fight—they're good boys, but young," he said. "Experience takes a lot of beating."

The Old Master Painter

An aide slipped quietly into a hotel room where leaders of the steel industry and the United Steelworkers were locked in contract negotiations one afternoon last week. Heads on both sides of the table turned expectantly. "The Pirates are leading, 8-2, last of the fifth," reported the aide. Management and labor grinned and went back to work.

Pittsburgh fans these days have plenty to grin about. For longer than many care to remember, the Pirates have occupied the National League's second division, and



PIRATES' BRAGAN & FRIEND
An inconvenience arose.

Jack Tinney

since 1952 they have lain fecklessly in the cellar. At last they are hot. For one giddy moment last week, playing like champions, they even swashbuckled themselves to the top of the league. It was a sight to move any man to comment, "Judas priest!" murmured Branch Rickey, the 75-year-old baseball sner who more than any had shaped the miracle of Pittsburgh. "We are no longer a convenience."

Shucking off Stars. For the elder statesman of baseball, the fact that the Pirates had become inconvenient to the rest of the league was pleasant news indeed. When Rickey came to town in 1950—after building championship teams in St. Louis and Brooklyn—the Pirates were a lackluster crew bound for nowhere. As general manager, Rickey ruthlessly started to rebuild, and, according to many fans, generally managed to ruin the franchise as he poured everything into a hunt for new, young talent. Explains Rickey augustly: "I decide I'm going to paint a picture. I have the brushes and the colors, and I paint it. People can't change it. You can do that kind of painting if you have courage."

For four years Rickey managed only to smudge the canvas. As quick as his new, young players signed up, they were whisked away by the draft. While Rickey pondered over his paints, Pirate fans took up chess and bird watching. Last year the team showed some improvement, but the old man had had enough. He resigned, became an offstage adviser, and new men came in to finish the job. Joe L. Brown, 37, son of Comedian Joe E. Brown, became general manager, and brash Bobby Bragan, 37, came from Hollywood to manage the team on the field. Both were Rickey's selections.

Bushes to Bigger. By this spring, after a couple of smart trades, the Pirates were no longer a band of courteous sea scouts. Bobby Bragan had been a flamboyant



FLOYD PATTERSON (RIGHT) BEATING HURRICANE JACKSON
The bowling ball blinked.

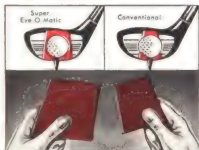
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manager-clown back in the Pacific Coast League, once sent out a bat boy to coach third base. But up with the Pirates, Busher Bragan went big league, soon had his kids scrapping like old pros. When Slugger Dale Long hurt his leg trying to take an extra base, Bragan was delighted, "You know how he pulled that muscle?" he demanded happily. "He got it sliding hard into third, that's how."

Long's big bat is the power behind the Pirates. The tall, rugged first baseman leads the league in home runs (17) and is second in hitting (.377). A fortnight ago he set a major-league record by hitting the ball into the stands in eight consecutive games, had to come out of the dugout for a curtain call after the last homer when delighted Pittsburgh fans raised a fuss that stopped the game cold. At 30 Long is one of the oldest Pirate regulars (average age of the regular line-up: 25). For a while it looked as if he would never make the majors. He bounced around eleven minor leagues, came up to the Pirates three times—once as a left-handed catcher—and finally caught on last year. Not all fans and sportswriters give Rickey credit for building this year's team, and they cite his rubber-ball bouncing of Long's career as evidence. Late-Bloomer Long gives Manager Bragan a big share of the credit for his sudden development: "I play good for this guy because I like to play for him."

While batters have been getting on base and Long has been driving them home (45 R.B.I.s at week's end), the Pirates' pitching staff has been surprisingly strong. With a record of 10-3, burr-headed Bob Friend, 25, is currently the best pitcher in the league, has won games with only two days of rest.

At week's end the Pirates were still handsomely in the first division, only one game back of the leading Cincinnati Redlegs. Hesitantly, softly, some fans in Pittsburgh were beginning to talk about the pennant (the last was in 1927, in the great days of Pie Traynor and the Waner brothers). But knowing what the pressure of July and August can do to a young ball club, many would gladly settle for any place in the first division. For the moment, they felt like the man who painted the Pirates' rosy picture. "I'm so happy about this ball club I don't know what to do," said Branch Rickey.

Death of a Young Man

The tall, crew-cut swimmer looked as good as ever. Gliding through the practice pool at Yale's Payne Whitney Gymnasium one day last week, modest John Glover, 22, flashed the form that had made him one of the top free-stylers in swimming history when he was at Dartmouth a year ago. In training for the Olympic tryouts in August, he was one of the nation's brightest prospects.

In midstroke, Glover splashed to a stop at the shallow end of the pool, then grabbed the gutter with both hands. "John, have you got a cramp?" asked an assistant coach. "Can I help you?" John Glover slumped back into the water, his



SWIMMER GLOVER
In midstroke, a splash.

eyes closed. Some swimmers grabbed him and lifted him to the deck, face down. He groaned two or three times, but he did not respond to artificial respiration. A Pulmotor did not help. An ambulance rushed Glover to the hospital but he was dead when it got there.

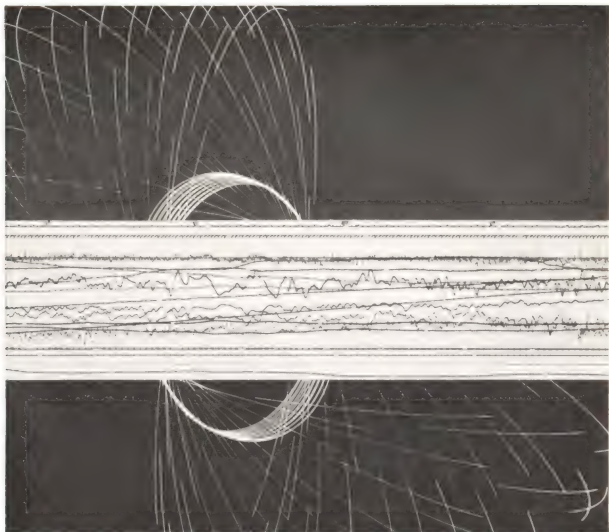
Glover had been in good shape, although not in prime competitive form. He swam in the National A.A.U. meet last April, and since then worked out three times a week. After an autopsy, the New Haven medical examiner listed the cause of death as acute pancreatitis, a severe inflammation of the enzyme-producing gland behind the stomach. But Yale University pathologists have undertaken a more detailed autopsy of their own.

Scoreboard

¶ Floating effortlessly over the California cinders, prime Olympic Prospect Dave Sims, the redheaded flash from Duke, warmed up by tying the world's record for the 100-yd. dash at 0:09.3 seconds, then established himself as the fastest human in history by streaking to a world's record in the 220-yd. dash. His time: 20 seconds flat. It was 0.01 better than his own previous record.

¶ In the key match of the tournament at Sandwich, England, England's Mrs. Roy Smith laid a 150-yd. iron shot on the 36th green, easily sank her second putt to defeat America's Polly Riley, one up, as Britain's determined band of women amateur golfers won the Curtis Cup for the second time in nine tries from their American cousins. The score: 5-4.

¶ After botching the first set, lanky Althea Gibson of New York's Harlem conquered her jitters and her longtime nemesis, California's Louise Brough, to win the Northern Women's Singles title in Manchester, England, 2-6, 6-4, 6-4, and establish herself as the favorite to win next month's Wimbledon championship.



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THE PRESS

Yes, Virginia, There Is a Bridey

In the national furor over *The Search for Bridey Murphy* (TIME, March 19) one rational theory gained ground to explain how a hypnotized housewife in Colorado could "recall" a 19th century existence as Bridey, a redhead in Cork. The theory: Housewife Virginia Tighe, under hypnosis, had simply woven the story out of odds and ends that lay in her subconscious mind from childhood. That was the trail that Hearst's Chicago *American* took in searching for Bridey Murphy. Digging into Mrs. Tighe's Chicago childhood, *American* reporters found a wealth of names and incidents that looked plainly like the raw material for the Bridey story. This week the *American* topped off its series by finding the source of the elusive heroine herself: Mrs. Anthony Corkell, nee Bridie Murphy, 59-year-old mother of seven who lived just across the street during young Virginia's impressionable early years. The little girl was curious about the Corkell family's Irish background, had a crush on a Corkell boy named John, the Anglicized version of Sean—the spectral Bridey Murphy's husband. A onetime neighborhood playmate remembered Virginia well: "She had a good imagination. I always thought she could write a book."

"Had We but Listened"

"We were wrong, terribly wrong." With those words, Manhattan's *Daily Worker* reached a bawling climax last week in its editorial breast-beating prompted by the delation of Stalin. Commenting on the State Department's release of a text of Nikita Khrushchev's bitter charges against the dictator, the *Worker* abjectly apologized for its "blind and uncritical attitude" during Stalin's regime and for its "stupid and arrogant condemnation of those who told the truth about the violations of justice in the Soviet Union."

With its remorse, the *Worker* even dared to mingle some criticism of the new regime. It rapped the Russians for their "mistake" in not publicizing Khrushchev's speech themselves, took Khrushchev to task for omitting Stalin's anti-Semitism from the indictment. The *Worker* added: "We do not consider the speech to be the last word on just how Stalin's terror control came into existence and maintained itself for 20 years and of the role of other Communist leaders."

"We were wholly ignorant that these crimes had been committed, yet there was reputable evidence had we but listened. We did not want to believe these crimes could occur in a socialist state, and so we refused to believe. What was unforgivable and inexcusable was the manner in which we passed judgment—harsh and sometimes vindictive in tone—on many of our fellow Americans based solely on their criticism of the Stalin rule."

Another *Worker* editorial offered "sincere and heartfelt apologies" to a onetime



BRIDIE MURPHY & GRANDCHILDREN
Memories of Ireland.

target of Communist billingsgate: Anna Louise Strong, 70, longtime pro-Russian writer and lecturer. Welcoming her to Manhattan for a speaking engagement as a "veteran fighter for peace and socialism," the editorial said: "To our shame, we accepted unquestioningly a Moscow characterization of Miss Strong as an enemy of socialism when she was expelled from the Soviet Union, a crude frame-up since admitted and corrected by the post-Stalin regime." If the *Worker* planned to retract the abusive adjectives it has heaped on all other victims who had fallen out of favor, readers could brace themselves for many an apology still to come.



HOUSEWIFE TIGHE
Dreams of Chicago.

Marathon

The phone call came while Presidential Press Secretary James C. Hagerty was dressing. "Dr. Snyder thinks you'd better get down here right away," said the White House telephone operator, Jim Hagerty managed to gulp a glass of milk and two pieces of toast—and rushed off to two sleepless days of a grueling news marathon. While the drama's main actor lay behind the scenes, Jim Hagerty held the center of the stage, almost the only source of public information on the President's condition until Ike was well out of danger.

When Hagerty broke the news of the President's "upset stomach" from his White House office at 8:50 a.m., it was a break for the Associated Press. A.P. Correspondent Marvin Arrowsmith, an early riser, was the only reporter on hand. His reward: a five-minute beat.

Coffee & Scotch. Thereafter, newsmen worked in a swarm around Hagerty's head. He gave 14 press conferences, following virtually all of them with a statement for TV film, plus five radio interviews and two on live TV—and answered innumerable questions by reporters outside the press conferences. Meantime he haunted the doctors, stood attendance on the President's family, kept in close touch with Vice President Nixon and White House Staff Secretary Colonel Andrew Goodpaster. He got home twice, but only to shower and change his clothes. Through the long Friday night vigil, he gulped black coffee, sometimes lacing it with Scotch.

Unruffled at first, Hagerty grew tense as the prospect of an operation drew closer. But under the strain, he worked energetically—and seldom gave way to his short temper as he shot the facts along. In the Saturday dawn, he read a *Washington Post* and *Times Herald* editorial righteously observing that "the White House Staff will do well to continue its policy of keeping the people frankly and completely informed." Snapped Hagerty: "What the hell do they think I've been doing?"

Four More Years? Hagerty's most striking feat was in getting out word of the operation's successful completion. Outside the hospital, newsmen were still watching the vague figures of the surgeons through a glass brick window when White House Transportation Officer Dewey Long summoned them inside to the conference room. Hagerty was on the phone from the operating floor, ready to dictate the results through Long. Newsmen—whose papers in some cases were holding their presses for the bulletin—had the news at 4:55 a.m., three minutes after the operation ended, and 16 minutes before the President was wheeled out of the room.

The weary press secretary's tension melted with the good news, but the grind went on. Late that afternoon, in a radio interview with ABC Correspondent Martin Agronsky, Hagerty parried persistent questions on whether he thought Ike would still run for re-election. Finally, in a mixture of relief and fatigue, he gave



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way. "Do you expect to be around here another four years?" tried Agronsky. Chuckled Hagerty: "I think so." Soon afterward, just 36 hours after the call from the White House, Jim Hagerty finished a job well done and went home to bed.

Alsop's Fables

Washington Columnist Joseph Alsop flew back to his capital beat last week after eleven weeks of legwork in the Middle East. Out of his trip came a notable series of reports on the critical area where Russian diplomacy is stoking the fires of Arab nationalism against the West. As a pundit, 46-year-old Joseph Wright Alsop, who shares his column with brother Stewart, often overdramatizes the dark side into deepest doom. But Alsop's dramatic flair as a reporter in foreign lands seizes surely on color, incident, history and personality to bring a situation crackling to life. In this journalistic field he has had few peers since the days of Vincent (*Personal History*) Sheean.

Pleasures & Palaces. In the sheikdoms and kingdoms of the Arab world, in palaces and refugee camps, he updated the *Arabian Nights* into Alsop's Fables. In the new palace at Jeddah ("the house that Aramco built"), guarded by black-armored with gilded simulators, King Saud of Saudi Arabia entertained 400 dinner guests at once, headed by little Imam Ahmed of Yemen, "who waggles his big, richly turbaned head like a teetotum in a sort of passion of politeness." While the guests drank orange pop, "a court bard, descended straight from the poetic line that sang before Agamemnon at Mycenae . . . recites a long poem in praise of the King and Imam into a deafening loud-speaker system." The King's interpreter, "last seen in Washington in a fairly sensational convertible," now "kneels on the floor by his master's chair, translating his master's words with downcast eyes." Amid burning sandalwood, one of the King's advisers "distills venom against Palestine's invaders and all the West, in a beautifully educated English voice." Alsop's moral: "Although social notes do not generally appear in this space, the contrasts of the evening seemed to tell a great deal about this increasingly critical country."

Alsop pursued the contrasts to Dhahran, where Saudi Arabian workmen drew top pay as technicians at Aramco's vast refinery while some of their countrymen bought and sold slaves (\$150 for an able-bodied man, \$300 for a boy and \$600 for a girl). Though he reported that King Saud was using his U.S. oil dollars to finance Arab nationalism's whole anti-Western drive—paying some \$500,000 a month to politicians and editors in the Middle East—Alsop found him playing the role reluctantly, the captive of the movement centering in Egypt.

Everywhere he roamed Alsop put his readers into the scene. He found the tiny desert sheikdom of Kuwait, on the Persian Gulf, "little more than a vast oil well with a small town on top of it." Where Syria, Turkey and Iraq meet, he attended a



Walter Bennett

COLUMNIST JOSEPH ALSOP

Where lettuce-eating is a mortal sin.

"continuous house party" in the luxurious spring camp of a Bedouin sheik. Among the notables: "the aged, white-bearded Sheik Khalaf Anlar of the Yezidis, an odd but ancient local minority who worship the devil under the name of the 'Peacock Angel,' abhor the color blue and hold lettuce-eating a mortal sin." In Baghdad, he found calling on Prime Minister Nuri Pasha "alarmingly like disturbing an owl in the daylight hours. He sat huddled in his dressing gown, his piercing eyes hooded as though against the light." In Amman, "sharp resentment glittered visibly" in the eyes of Jordan's young (20) King Hussein when Alsop questioned him about the influx of Egyptian propaganda and Saudi Arabian money.

Too Much History. One of Alsop's best columns appeared last week. Through the eyes of an aged, "lavishly hearded" English monk near Emmaus, Alsop struck a bitterly ironic contrast. With tears of simple faith, Brother James pointed out to Alsop the road "where our blessed Lord met the disciples on Resurrection Morn." Recounted Alsop: "This is a place that has known more history than most." There the moon stood still at Joshua's command. Judas Macabeus fought a fierce battle for Jewish independence. The Romans next swept in, then the wild desert riders of the Caliph Omar, followed by the Crusaders, Saladin, the Turks, the British and again the Jews.

"See the heirs of all this history, the many scores of half-starved poor people of Emmaus who come to share in the monastery's daily distribution of soup and bread," reported Alsop. Below the village, 3,000 fertile valley acres that once helped feed the village now lie in the neutral zone—fornidden to be tilled under the armistice agreement. Wrote Alsop: "You wish to cry out in warning to all simple people everywhere to flee those places where history may tread with heavy foot."



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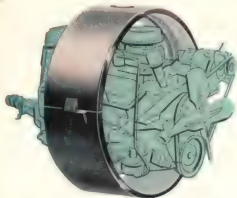


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SCIENCE

Invading Medfly

Southern Florida was in something like a state of emergency last week, with officials in a tizzy, scientists swarming into the area, and federal money arriving in million-dollar lots. Cause of the uproar: the Mediterranean fruit fly, which seems to have hopped the Caribbean by airplane from Central America.

The "Medfly" is no laughing matter. Its last visit in 1929 cost millions. It was eradicated in 18 months, but only after 75% of Florida's citrus crop had been destroyed. This year's crop is practically all harvested, but if the fly hangs around until next year, it will get a crack at a crop worth half a billion.

Florida and federal authorities are taking no chances. The fly was reported first on April 14 by Orlo L. Prior of Miami, who found a maggoty grapefruit in his backyard. Not until April 22 was the discovery publicly announced, and by then the fly had made considerable progress. It has now moved northward into Palm Beach County, and has been reported from Alcoma, in the citrus belt.

Motorists driving north must now pass roadblocks where inspectors search cars for plants or fruit that might harbor Medflies. All such stuff is confiscated, but owners of fruit are allowed to pull over and eat their contraband. Human gastric juices kill Medfly larvae (one couple last week ate nine melons). Fruit not disposed of in this way is doused with insecticide and buried 3 ft. deep.

This week a dozen airplanes will start spraying 100,000 acres of the gold coast with malathion, a chemical that kills insects but is not deadly to humans, birds or animals. Jeeps with blowers will fog infested trees. The ground on infested property will be treated to kill the larvae as they enter the soil to pupate. Mop-up squads will catch straggling flies in traps baited with yeast.

Florida's Governor LeRoy Collins is "cautiously optimistic" that three good sprayings will bring the fly under control, but William L. Popham, head of the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Plant Pest

Control Branch, is not so sure. What everybody fears is that the flies will survive until a hurricane brushes southern Florida and its winds carry them over the whole state and much of the U.S.

Tornado Pilot

Pilots of sound mind normally give tornadoes plenty of airspace. The tall clouds that spawn twisters are boiling with turbulence, and the black funnels themselves can tear an airplane to shreds. Pilot James M. Cook, 6 ft. 3 in. and slow-spoken, is thoroughly sane, but whenever a threatening cloud shows its face in the Middle West, he hops into his war-surplus Mustang at Kansas City and takes the cloud's pulse and temperature, even if it is crawling with vicious twisters.

Storm Buster. Cook, 34, learned to fly at 14 and soloed at 15. Last year, while dusting crops in the Nebraska panhandle, he made a sideline of busting hailstorms. Whenever an unusually black and mean-looking thunderhead drifted toward the sugar-beet fields of the North Platte Valley, Cook would fly into it, seeding its turbulent heart with silver-iodide particles. This maneuver provided the cloud with plenty of nuclei for ice to form on, so the hailstones did not grow big enough to fall and cut up the tender beet leaves.

While spiking hailstorms, Cook studied them in an amateur way. "Some of those storms," he says, "had a heck of a lot more muscle than others. I couldn't figure out why." To find out more about clouds, he went to a meteorological meeting at Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College and had a long talk with three men from the Kansas City weather bureau. One of these was Donald C. House, supervising forecaster of SELS (Severe Local Storm Warning Center), which tries to decide what clouds are likely to lash the ground with destructive twisters. After the talk, the meteorologists agreed that what tornado forecasting needed most was a man to investigate the clouds' innards and that Pilot Cook was the man.

Cook's specially equipped Mustang was ready for this year's tornado season, and he began his hunting on April 15. He carries 500 lbs. of weather instruments and a radio altimeter. A movie camera takes continuous pictures of the airplane's flying instruments. Whenever he thinks it worthwhile, Cook talks, in his calm drawl, to a tape recorder.

When he sees a likely cloud, he dodges in and out of it. He tries to avoid the seething cores, and when things get tough he ducks toward the ground, always keeping watch for the deadly funnel of a tornado.

A Bit Chippy. Cook's tape recordings do not sound like a man who is flying close to the most violent weather that nature can serve up. "It's getting awfully hard to see out here," he remarks calmly. "Can't see very much ahead. It's getting a little bit chippy. Beginning to look pretty green." Cook explains that "looking green" means seeing hail in the heart of the cloud.



Roger Reynolds
AIRMAN COOK
Green is for hail.

Hail always looks that way. He does not like hail, and he tries to keep at least five miles away from tornadoes. "If you play too close," he says, "sooner or later you'll plow up a snake. That's not for me."

When Cook comes back from the storm clouds, he has a talk with the weathermen at Kansas City, and the records of his instruments are analyzed. The purpose of all this, explains Forecaster House, is to learn more about the structure of clouds that generate tornadoes.

Last year SELS correctly anticipated 32% of the tornadoes and scored near misses on another 30%. This season its tornado forecasts are right about half the time, and the information brought to earth by Cook (which will not be used in predictions until next year) should help to raise the score toward the Weather Bureau's goal of eight out of ten.

Magnetic Bottle

Project Sherwood, the secret U.S. program to achieve controlled thermonuclear (atomic fusion) power, came ever so slightly into the open last week. After attending a secret conference of 350 Sherwood men at Gatlinburg, Tenn., Dr. Edward Teller, leading authority on thermonuclear processes, delivered a complicated paper before an unclassified meeting of the American Nuclear Society at Chicago.

Teller's speech did not give the present status of U.S. thermonuclear research, but it did give a great deal of background, new to most outsiders, about the path (or one of the paths) that Project Sherwood is following.

Small Star. In the stars, said Teller, thermonuclear reactions are possible because the great mass of the star provides a gravitational field that holds the reacting gases together, even though their temperature may be very high. Human scientists have better nuclear fuel than the stars have, but they cannot hold their



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gases together gravitationally. No material container can do the trick, either; its walls would be melted instantly if they came in contact with reacting gases at the necessary high temperature.

One way to create a "small star" that reacts at enormous temperature without touching anything material is to confine the gases in a "magnetic bottle," Teller explained that the gases would be completely ionized by the heat. All the particles in them would have electric charges, and would be strongly influenced by a magnetic field. If the field could be made strong enough, the particles would spiral tightly in it, keeping away from vulnerable walls of the material container.

Tricky Balance. Leak-proof magnetic bottles, Physicist Teller pointed out, are not easy to construct. The magnetism must be just strong enough to confine the ionized gases at the right density and temperature, and keep them confined long enough for a reaction to take place. The reaction would release energy and raise the temperature, so the magnetic field must grow stronger when necessary to keep things in balance. Power must be drawn out of the system without disturbing its tricky balance.

Teller did not tell in detail how this could be done, but he gave a long chain of complex equations showing how energy is released in reacting gases (deuterium or tritium), and how energy escapes from the system. He gave a few general hints about how the lines of magnetic force affect and confine the moving ions. He did not sound lightly confident; repeatedly, he pointed to serious difficulties.

But Teller believes that the job can be done, given enough time and effort. "I am confident," he said, "that controlled thermonuclear reactors will eventually be constructed. The power derived from such reactors will compete at an early date with conventional energy sources or with fission [uranium] reactors."

When thermonuclear reactors are finally achieved, said Teller, they will have several advantages. Their fuel, deuterium, is inexhaustible and it needs no processing after it has been separated from common hydrogen. They will become highly radioactive because of neutrons released within them, but unlike atomic fission reactors they will not contain large amounts of dangerous radioactive material that might be scattered by an accident. On the other hand, they will probably be harder to operate and maintain.

The most exciting possibility Teller mentioned last. It is at least theoretically possible, he said, that a thermonuclear reactor may yield electric power direct, without costly and inefficient turbines, generators, etc. This is almost out of the question with uranium reactors, but the "magnetic bottle" of the thermonuclear reactor is electrical to start with. "If we shall have learned," said Teller, "how to confine a plasma of considerable pressure by a magnetic field, then it should not be too difficult to extract energy from the plasma by varying the magnetic field."



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TIME, JUNE 18, 1956

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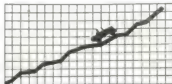


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EDUCATION

Penn State's Prexy

Beyond his name—and the fact that he had a famous brother—few students or faculty members at Pennsylvania State College knew much about the man just appointed their president in 1950. True enough, Milton S. Eisenhower had been the successful head of Kansas State College for seven years, but the Penn Staters were still skeptical about how he might turn out. "The board of trustees," said the undergraduate newspaper, "can appoint a president, but only the students can make him 'prexy.'"

It did not take Milton Eisenhower long to make the grade. Ten months after he took over, the students officially awarded him the title traditionally reserved at Penn State only for presidents who have won the respect and affection of the campus. The honor was well deserved. Never before had Penn State known the prosperity or prestige that came to it under Milton Eisenhower.

Early Habit. The youngest (he is now 56) and most bookish of the Eisenhower brothers, Milton had already acquired the habit of success. After graduating from Kansas State College with a B.S. in journalism, he served as a U.S. vice consul two years in Scotland, later became special assistant to the Secretary of Agriculture under Calvin Coolidge. At 28 he was made the department's director of information. He stayed on even after Henry Wallace took over, rose through a succession of posts culminated by the associate directorship of OWI during the first years of World War II. Then, in 1943, he moved out of Washington to become president of Kansas State. There he remained until the call came from Pennsylvania.

Penn State soon got to know him not only as a prodigious worker but also as a man of breadth and tolerance. By 8:10 every morning he was in his office; by 9:30 his voluminous correspondence was out of the way, and he was ready for the day's business that often lasted into the night. In his first year he traveled 30,000 miles in Pennsylvania to find out what services his campus could render the state's agriculture and industry. He raised faculty salaries 35%, enlarged the library by 26%, put up the \$3,000,000 Hetzel Union Building, a new research reactor building, an all-faith chapel. He raised the liberal-arts requirements for technology students. In 1953 Penn State officially became a university.

Unofficial Adviser. All this time Prexy Eisenhower was leading a double life. Almost every weekend he could be found in Washington, serving as the most trusted, if unofficial, of Dwight Eisenhower's advisers. He was a leader in the Administration's efforts to streamline the executive branch of the Government, toured South America as his brother's ambassador of good will. Once, when he left a meeting at the White House early, the President of the U.S. turned to his associates

and said: "Gentlemen, the man who just left the room would most certainly be a member of my Cabinet except for one, just one, disqualifying factor. He happens to be my brother."

Last week, with no public warning, Milton Eisenhower announced that for "personal reasons", he would resign as president of Penn State. His decision, he said, had nothing to do with his brother's illness, and he was "not going to make any



Associated Press
PRESIDENT EISENHOWER
Just one disqualification.

decision about the future until I've had a long fishing vacation." But to his colleagues, it was not conceivable that a man of Milton Eisenhower's talents would be lost to the academic world for long.

Least Popular Subject

If the U.S. is ever to turn out the scientists and engineers it needs, it must first produce pupils with a knowledge of mathematics. And what is the status of the third R in the public schools today? After a study financed by the Carnegie Corp. of New York, the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, N.J. last week gave a dismal answer. Today's pupils, says E.T.S., "just don't like the stuff; they are afraid of it; they don't see any point to it . . . Several other studies suggest that mathematics has the dubious honor of being the least popular subject in the curriculum."

In one survey of high-school seniors, investigators found that 12% had never taken any algebra or geometry, 26% had dropped mathematics after only one year, 30% had dropped it after two. Nor was

this merely a matter of dullness or inability. Of the brightest 30%, four in ten never went beyond elementary arithmetic.

As a result of the high school's failure, says E.T.S., U.S. colleges spend an inordinate amount of time going over material that should already have been covered. "One study shows that 62% of the colleges are in this position. An engineering school reports that 72% of its students entering in September 1955 were found mathematically inadequate that they had to take a review of high-school mathematics before they could qualify for the regular freshman course."

Long-Standing Hatred. The situation among U.S. teachers is almost as bad. In a survey of 211 prospective elementary teachers, 150 reported "a long-standing hatred of arithmetic." In an examination of 370 teacher candidates, half flubbed the question:

The height of a letter in a certain size of print is $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. If the following are the heights [in inches] of this letter in other sizes of print, which one is the next larger size?

a) $\frac{1}{4}$ b) $\frac{3}{4}$ c) $\frac{1}{8}$ d) $\frac{1}{2}$ e) $\frac{3}{8}$.

On the basis of such evidence, says E.T.S., "it seems pretty clear that many elementary-school teachers have a hard time keeping even half a jump ahead of their pupils. Their salvation lies in memorized answers, rather than in any genuine understanding of arithmetical concepts. 'Elementary teachers, for the most part, according to one observer who has taught them, 'are ignorant of the mathematical basis of arithmetic; high-school teachers . . . fall in this category also.'"

Learning to Detest. "This ignorance is scarcely surprising, for little knowledge of mathematics is expected, even officially, of prospective schoolteachers. In the majority of cases, an individual with ambition to teach in an elementary school can matriculate at a teachers college without showing any high-school mathematics on his record. He can graduate without studying any college mathematics. And in this condition, he can meet the requirements of most states for a certificate to teach arithmetic . . . Nearly one-third of the states will license [high-school math] teachers even though they have had no college mathematics at all, and the average requirement for all states is only ten semester hours."

The whole situation, says E.T.S., finally boils down to this: "Future teachers pass through the elementary schools learning to detest mathematics. They drop it in high school as early as possible. They avoid it in teachers colleges because it is not required. They return to the elementary school to teach a new generation to detest it."

* To make up for the inadequacies of the secondary schools, West Point automatically runs review classes in math. Annapolis estimates that about one in seven of its incoming students needs special work. The math situation is so bad in the secondary schools, that about five years ago Annapolis abolished trigonometry as an entrance requirement, began to teach it itself,

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AUTHOR OF "BRIDESHEAD REVISITED"

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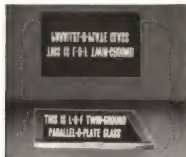
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accomplishment, of reconciliation of diverse forces . . . and promotion of international understanding and good will."

University of Massachusetts

John Fischer, editor in chief of *Harper's Magazine* L.H.D.

Citation: "You have repeatedly demonstrated the Socratic dictum: No man is to be revered more than the truth."

Mount Holyoke College

J. William Fulbright, U.S. Senator from Arkansas LL.D.

New York University

Clarence Douglas Dillon, U.S. Ambassador to France LL.D.

Ralph J. Bunche, Under Secretary of the United Nations LL.D.

Herbert Hoover Jr., Under Secretary of State Eng.D.

University of North Carolina

Barnaby Conrad Keeney, president of Brown University LL.D.

University of Notre Dame

Admiral Arleigh A. Burke, Chief of Naval Operations Sc.D.

George M. Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury LL.D.

Smith College

Pearl Anderson Wanamaker, superintendent of public instruction in the state of Washington L.H.D.

Julie Harris, actress M.A.

Citation: "Whether cast as a tomboy, a young hedonist, or a peasant girl become both saint and commander of a royal army, she has given substance to illusion, lent her vitality to make a fiction live."

The Dowager Marchioness of Reading LL.D.

Citation: "As organizer and chairman of the Women's Volunteer Service for Civil Defense, she released, inspired and directed those resources of courage and skill which helped make possible that hour in her country's history for which the free world feels enduring gratitude."

Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, secretary to Gandhi, founder of the All-India Women's Conference LL.D.

Swarthmore College

Gilbert F. White, former president of Haverford College LL.D.

Katharine McBride, president of Bryn Mawr College LL.D.

Irving S. Olds, retired board chairman of U.S. Steel LL.D.

Syracuse University

Joseph William Martin Jr., Minority Leader of the House LL.D.

Samuel Taliaferro Rayburn, Speaker of the House LL.D.

Trinity College

General Maxwell D. Taylor, U.S. Army Chief of Staff LL.D.

Wheaton College

Phyllis McGinley, versifier Litt.D.



Who pitches in for steel?

Here's how America's banks back one of the nation's most useful industries

No matter where you look, steel scores.

Whether you skipper a battleship, wind your watch, raise a skyscraper, or broil a steak—you're depending on steel. As a matter of fact, the steel industry has contributed mightily to victory in two world wars. And today steel is vital to our national security and peacetime progress.

The story of steel production, and its 118% increase in the last 20 years, is a story of people. Of men

who dig the ore. Of millowners and workers who last year alone produced 117,036,085 tons of steel. Of people who blend and refine alloys. And of bankers, too.

Banks help provide steel companies with the money they need to get iron ore out of the ground, transport it to the mills and convert it into steel. Bank loans supply funds for plant expansion... help finance finished steel products.

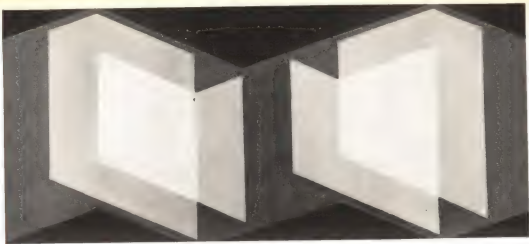
Actually, look where you will in American business or industry,

and you'll find commercial bankers using their services and resources to stimulate industrial growth which benefits all of us.

The Chase Manhattan Bank of New York, leading lender to U.S. industry, presents this brief story to illustrate the part commercial banks play in the progress of our country.

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JOSEF ALBERS' "BICONJUGATE" (1943)

Think!

I believe that thinking is necessary in art as everywhere else and that a clear head is never in the way of genuine feelings.

One of the nation's most influential art teachers likes to fling these fighting words into the teeth of the abstract-expressionist storm. Josef Albers, chairman of the design department at Yale, clearly deplores self-expression of the big, drippy, half-conscious sort made chic by Jackson Pollock & Co. "What we need is less expression and more visualization," he says. "I try to teach my students to visualize."

What Albers sets himself to visualizing for the purpose of making pictures was made plain last week in a retrospective show of his art at the Yale University Art Gallery. There were squares within squares done in colors straight from the tube, and more complicated geometrical arrangements done in black, grey and white. At first view the show was simply forbidding; in time it became a puzzle, and finally a demonstration.

Albers' squares within squares assumed an unsettling life of their own; the colors seemed to merge and separate again, the squares to grow larger or small-

ART

er. Like the optical illusions in a child's puzzle book, the geometrical figures began to dance oddly—shifting their places and changing shape right under the viewer's nose—demonstrating the power of life and movement in the most elementary forms and colors. "The concern of the artist," Albers maintains, "is with the discrepancy between physical fact and psychic effect." If that is not the only concern of most artists, it certainly is in Albers' case; he has devoted his life to widening the discrepancy.

Put It in Writing. "I like to push a red," Albers explains, "so it will change its identity, becoming green or some other color." The reason he can do so is that the eye never sees colors quite as they are but always modified by surrounding colors. In Albers' strictly controlled pictures, the modification becomes an almost magical transformation. He himself cannot tell which tubes his painted colors came from without looking at the written records on the backs of his pictures. Using those records, another man could copy the pictures precisely—which Albers finds a flattering and not at all disturbing thought.

Albers chose squares within squares as

the composition for his color experiments because the square is "human," i.e., an intellectual construction which almost never occurs in nature. His monochromatic experiments in form require more complex shapes, but these, too, he keeps geometrical and tightly organized. "The measure of art," Albers believes, "is the ratio of effort to effect." By this yardstick, his *Biconjugate* (see cut) rates high, for it draws the greatest possible variety from the least possible shapes and shades. Looking at the top of the picture, the two figures seem identical but reversed; moving to the bottom, they become exactly alike. The four main shapes look transparent; yet the eye cannot quite decide which shines through which.

Faith & Works. Born 68 years ago in the Ruhr Valley, Albers prepared slowly and thoroughly for his distinguished career. After studying and teaching in Berlin, Essen and Munich, he went back to art school at 32 in the *Bauhaus*, founded by Functional Architect Walter Gropius. At 35 he became a teacher at the *Bauhaus*, working alongside Wassily Kandinsky and Paul Klee. In the craftsmanlike tradition of the school, he designed the first modern bent laminated-wood chair, made stained glass windows out of broken bottles. When Hitler closed the *Bauhaus*

NEW WORLDS OF THE NEW WORLD

CUSSING in a dozen tongues, workmen sweated last week in steamy Venice to finish modern art's biggest Babel. By week's end Venice's biennial roundup of contemporary painting and sculpture, due to open this week, had installed only a quarter of the nearly 6,000 paintings and sculptures sent in from 34 countries (including Russia for the first time since 1934). Only at the prim brick American Pavilion did contentment reign. Brisk, brusque Katharine Kuh, curator of modern painting at Chicago's Art Institute, had the U.S. contribution all up and dusted. It made a striking show.

Of all the countries exhibiting at Venice's Biennale, the U.S. alone gets by without government sponsorship. By custom, American museums have done the selecting, and private benefactors the financing of the U.S. entries. This year Chicago Financier and Art Patron Arnold Marenton picked up the check, and Katharine Kuh picked out the pictures. Her theme: "American Artists Paint the City."

The theme, illustrated by 46 widely ranging examples, could

hardly have been better chosen. As American cities have grown steadily bigger and more weirdly beautiful, the nation's artists have turned increasingly from landscape to cityscape. Curator Kuh blurred her point occasionally by including abstractions from the hands of some artists, e.g., Franz Kline, Willem De Kooning, Jimmy Ernst, which bore no relation to any city unless it was the City of Dreadful Night. But her top choices more than made up for that.

Along with such classics as Edward Hopper's *Early Sunday Morning* and Reginald Marsh's *Holy Name Mission*, Mark Tobey, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Lee Gatch in particular had succeeded in seizing the spirit of the New World's new worlds (opposite). In their vision of the city, they found something new to conjure with: the starry, neon-lit quality of urban America as it shows itself by night. They portrayed not actual locations so much as vast shadowlands humming with lights and movements. All three pictured truths about the American city which had never been put on canvas before.

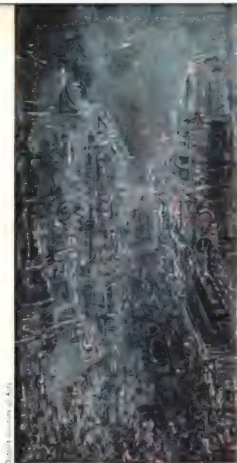


Photo: Museum of Art

"SAN FRANCISCO STREET," its neon reflecting from a foggy sky, is 1941 work of Mark Tobey, done in his characteristic "white writing."



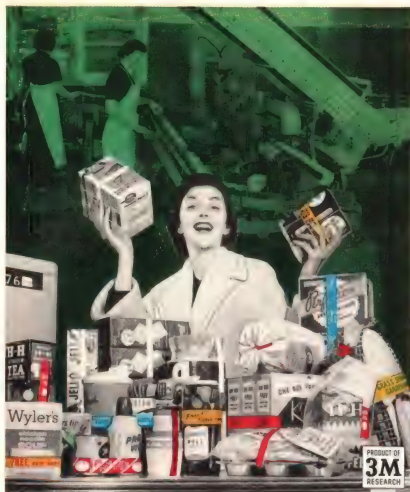
Photo: Museum of Art

"NEW YORK, NIGHT" is a stiff and stylized view of midtown Manhattan's soaring towers as they looked to Georgia O'Keeffe in 1929.

Photo: Gallery, Washington, D. C.



"INDUSTRIAL NIGHT," an evocation of heat, light and swirling night traffic, was done by Abstractionist Lee Gatch in 1948.



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Germany lost Albers to America. At North Carolina's little (25 students) Black Mountain College, and later at Yale, he opened hundreds of students' eyes to art's basic elements.

Is Albers' approach perhaps too basic? By favoring intellect over emotion, does he bring art too close to science? Yale's answer is no: Since the purpose of art teaching is chiefly to impart knowledge and skills, it should be as scientific in spirit as Albers makes his courses. But in terms of his own art the answer is harder.

MILESTONES

Married. Sonja Henie, 43, Norwegian-born ice skater and sometime cinemactress (*Sun Valley Serenade*); and Niels Onstad, 46, wealthy Norwegian shipping executive; she for the third time, he for the second; in Manhattan.

Divorced. Gene Nelson (real name: Eugene Berg), 36, nimble-footed actor of stage (*Lend an Ear*) and screen (*Okla-homa!*); by Miriam Franklin Nelson, 32; after 13 years of marriage, three of separation, one child; in Los Angeles.

Died. Margaret Thompson Biddle, 59, Montana-born mining heiress, ex-wife of wealthy Soldier-Diplomat Anthony J. Drexel Biddle Jr., *grande dame* of American society in Paris since World War II, sometime authoress (*Woman of England*) and Paris newshen (*Réalités*, farflung columnist for *Woman's Home Companion*); of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Paris.

Died. Fletcher Pratt, 59, bearded, gnome-like military-affairs expert, prolific writer (*The Marines' War, Empire and the Sea, Secret and Urgent*), onetime newspaperman, military librarian, and military analyst for TIME; of cancer; at Long Branch, N.J. Born into a military family, Pratt also indulged in such encyclopedic interests as raising marmosets, cracking codes, inventing war games.

Died. Admiral Charles Turner Joy, U.S.N., ret., 61, chief U.N. negotiator of the Korean War truce talks at Panmun-jom from July 1951 to May 1952, onetime (1940-52) commander of U.S. Naval Forces in the Far East, 37th superintendent (1952-54) of the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, author (*How Communists Negotiate*); of leukemia; in San Diego. To Admiral Joy, the three-year Korean conflict was a tragic "holy war" which the U.N., by failing to press its advantages, lost to the Communists.

Died. William Edward Leahy, 69, Washington lawyer and civic leader, longtime (since 1932) president of Washington's Columbus University Law School, sometime (1925, 1947) special assistant to U.S. attorney generals; of a heart attack; in Washington. Leahy's clients included: Bigtime Mobsters Al Capone and Dutch Schultz, Federal Judge Martin T. Manton,

If the paint-slinging frenzies of the abstract expressionists strike most people as being plain convulsive, Albers' pristine experiments give rise to the opposite complaint: that they are too tricky and cold.

Yet the tricks are not there to fool people but to be discovered. And under the apparent coolness of Albers' art lies a warm philosophy. His pictures play with two sets of supposed irreconcilables: order v. freedom and identity v. change. They demonstrate his abiding faith that these things are not irreconcilable at all.

Boston's ex-Mayor James Michael Curley, the United Mine Workers, the American Medical Association, the Chinese Nationalist government.

Died. Marie Laurencin, 72, topflight French modernist painter, famed for her wispy, pastel-toned portraits of doe-eyed young girls in diaphanous gowns; of a heart attack; in Paris. Prim, red-haired Painter Laurencin tried three times to enter Paris' famed Ecole des Beaux Arts, was coldly blocked. Critics labeled her early work "decadent" and "ugly." After World War I, she changed her style, was later described as the only considerable figure who painted like a woman. ("Why should I paint dead fish, onions and beer glasses? Girls are so much prettier.")

Died. Margaret Wycherly, 74, veteran British-born actress of stage (*Jane Clegg, Tobacco Road*) and screen (*Sergeant York*); in Manhattan.

Died. Hiram Bingham, 80, onetime (1924-33) Republican Senator from Connecticut, head (1951-53) of the U.S. Government's Loyalty Review Board (to which he was appointed by Harry Truman to counter Republican charges that the Administration was harboring disloyal employees), World War I aviator, history teacher (at Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Johns Hopkins), explorer-author (*Lost City of the Incas*) and biographer (*Elihu Yale—The American Nabob of Queen Square*); after long illness; in Washington. Tall (6 ft. 4 in.), scholarly Hiram Bingham was one of four legislators censured by the U.S. Senate in its 167-year history (the others: South Carolina's John L. McLaurin and Benjamin ("Pitchfork Ben") Tillman, 1902; Wisconsin's Senator Joe McCarthy, 1954). In 1929 he brought (as his aide) a Connecticut manufacturers' lobbyist into a closed session of the Senate Finance Committee which was considering a tariff bill of special interest to manufacturers. But politics was never his true province. An irrepressible adventurer, Honolulu-born Hiram Bingham led the first ascent of the Andes' Coropuna (21,700 ft.), discovered the famed Andean ruins of Machu Picchu. "Senators," he once said, "I understand not at all. I understand so much better the ethics and morals of explorers."

Elegance In Chicago



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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Busy Air

¶ *The \$64,000 Question* (Tues. 10 p.m., CBS) was one year old last week and still the most popular TV show in the U.S. (Its originator, Louis G. Cowan, was named vice president—Creative Services, CBS Inc.) In return for *Question's* vast audience during the year, its sponsor paid relatively little in prizes: \$648,608 and ten Cadillacs. Four contestants won the jackpot of \$64,000, eight won \$32,000, six won \$16,000, four won \$8,000.

¶ Near the end of its fifth year on TV, *I Love Lucy*, still one of the three most popular shows in the nation, has earned for its owners (Desilu Productions) and its network (CBS) \$20 million.

¶ At the University of Milan's "European Conference on the Esthetics of Television," delegates from Britain, France, West Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Luxembourg, debated for days about TV ground rules, agreed on nothing but a definition of television's role: "To distract, inform and instruct."

¶ RCA announced a color TV set to be marketed next month for \$495, the lowest price so far by \$200 for color receivers.

The Egomaniacs

The typical successful TV comic is either Irish or Jewish, earns more money than the President of the U.S., and is likely to suffer from egomania, insomnia and, especially, vertigo—i.e., a morbid fear of falling from his high Nielsen rating. In a new book, *The Funny Men* (Simon & Schuster; \$3.95), published this week, TV Comic Steve Allen, who labors to be funny five nights a week on NBC's *Tonight*, outlines the terrors of his trade and takes a measuring look at 16 of his competitors. Since he began work on the book, one of the 16 (Fred Allen) has died, four others have lost their regular programs, and two more may not be back on the air next season. "People get tired of you a lot quicker on TV than they do on radio," laments Allen. "They pick you up faster, but they drop you faster, too."

What makes the whole business maddening, Allen observes, is that no one—from Aristotle to Freud—has yet worked out a satisfactory definition of humor. Allen concludes that the relationship of the TV fan to his favorite comic is a little like falling in love. Within six months the honeymoon is over. After a year, the fan begins to mutter critical asides. In two years he may switch to another channel. Allen's purpose in writing his book is to make "an examination and somewhat relaxed analysis of television humor"; his major concern is to give his readers a better understanding of TV comedians, and his devout hope is that it will make TV critics "more humble."

Allen has nothing to say about his own brand of wit, and he curiously neglects such TV headliners as Lucille Ball and Danny Thomas. But his assessments of the 16 funny men he does deal with are



AUTHOR ALLEN
Neither Aristotle nor Freud.

often pungent and always well lubricated with punch lines from their repertoires. Some of Allen's judgments:

Jack Benny: "Basically, an actor of sheer comic genius rather than a true, essential comedian . . . Jack has been on top for a long time by playing 'himself'; maybe the fact that he himself is exactly opposite to his public character has a lot to do with his limitless success."

Milton Berle: "Milton is a ham. He does use other people's jokes. He will do anything for a laugh. But the important thing . . . is that he gets the laugh . . ."

George Gobel: "He is the wide-eyed innocent looking . . . at a frustrating world. His seven-year-old gestures, facial

expressions and reactions must be kept 'in the act.' But . . . he is not entitled to indulge in the completely unbridled regression to infancy that is allowed Jerry Lewis."

Sid Caesar: "A gifted dialectician, a truly artistic pantomimist and a master of timing . . . He is a technically consummate artist."

Wally Cox: ". . . About as physically interesting as an orange crate . . . Cox seems to have been influenced by a rainy afternoon."

Eddie Cantor: "Like Sophie Tucker, he sells yesterday . . . The good old days always seem better than they were."

Jackie Gleason: "Not, at heart, I think, a truly creative comedian. He is rather an exceptionally talented extrovert, an actor who, in a comedy sketch, can deliver funny lines with polish and vigor."

Fred Allen: "Of all the prominent comedians, Allen most closely approached the status of a philosopher . . . Fred's was comedy with a heavy critical content. For . . . some reason, television is the first medium in history not only to put a low price on critical humor but practically to exclude it altogether."

Bob Hope: "Without question the champ all-around comedian."

Jerry Lewis: "He can pull out all the stops in his attack on the audience . . . There is not a person alive who can suppress a guffaw at a perfectly timed pratfall."

Groucho Marx: "Many of the funny things he does would seem pointless coming from someone else . . . There's something about Groucho that makes him funny just standing there . . ."

Phil Silvers: "More vigorous than Hope, he even approaches the physical dynamism of Berle. More than one Broadway musical has coasted to success on the strength of his electric vitality."

Red Skelton: "One of the great clowns of our time but, for TV, his characters lack realism."

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, June 14. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Victor Borge's Comedy in Music (Thurs. 10 p.m., CBS). The daffy Dane's one-man Broadway show reaches TV.

Jaye P. Morgan Show (Fri. 7:30 p.m., NBC). Premiere.

Sunday Spectacular (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). Host: Bob Hope. Guests: Jane Russell, Betty Grable, Steve Allen, Marilyn Maxwell, George Sanders.

Playwrights '56 (Tues. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Honor by Gore Vidal, starring Ralph Bellamy.

RADIO

Conversation (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., NBC). *People I'd Like to Have Known* discussed by Jacques Barzun, J. B. Priestley, Clifton Fadiman.

CBS Radio Workshop (Fri. 8:30 p.m., CBS). *The Stronger*, a one-act opera by Hugo Weisgall.



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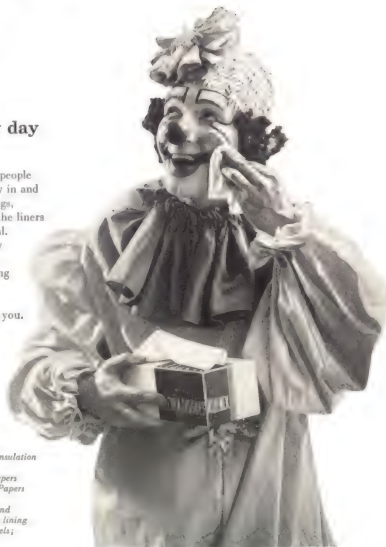
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craft. Pilots who have flown the F-104 praise its just-right "feel" and "trainer-like" controllability during takeoffs, landings and in all speed ranges.

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LOCKHEED'S NEWS COLUMN

Dick Tracy has lost his lead in the electronics race. His wrist radio is surpassed by a new "miniaturized" TV camera. Small enough to fit into a vest pocket, its "eye" is about the size of a cigarette. Built by Lockheed for research ONLY... (so far)...

Missile Mail is promised in the foreseeable future as a civilian development of missile technology. A Lockheed official says that the thousands of scientific and technical people now researching the whole environment of man in connection with missile development will produce civilian benefits beyond the imagination of the layman today. A letter by missile, of course, would get there faster than you could write the letter in the first place...

A Lockheed Man is working quietly in a sanctuary abroad on a nuclear engine design that will make headlines world-wide when they take the wraps off. Same man's blueprints on a nuclear contraption so startled top military authorities very early in the nation's atomic program that they locked his patent in a government vault where, for security reasons, it still remains...

Lockheed has been handed a big piece of the much-talked-about ICBM missile that will keep its Missile Systems Division scientists working nights in their new facility near Stanford University — which, incidentally, tripled in size between blueprints and ground breaking...

Beating the heat which tops 250 degrees Fahrenheit at twice the speed of sound is a matter of concern now to engineers of Lockheed's California Division who are working on methods of making airplane skin glass-smooth. Even modern, high-strength dural surfaces approach their temperature limits at these speeds...

Early America makes atomic history this month as Lockheed Georgia Division breaks ground for its new atom-powered plane facility. The 10,000-acre North Georgia site was in the same family ever since the area opened for settlement in the 1840's.

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS Viewed Without Alarm

The news of President Eisenhower's illness (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) hit Wall Street barely an hour before the opening trading gong. At the first sketchy reports, there was a burst of selling while traders waited anxiously for more complete word on the President's condition. As it came, the market hung on the doctor's bulletins. When news reached Wall Street at midday that Ike was headed for the hospital in an ambulance, there was a rush to sell. The ticker ran five minutes late, and the Dow-Jones industrial average dropped 15 points. But later, when Ike's illness was diagnosed as intestinal trouble having nothing to do with the heart, Wall Street was quick to reverse itself.

By 3:09 p.m. the tape once again fell behind, but this time it could not keep up with buying orders as confident rallies rolled across the Big Board. At the final closing some 50% of the loss had been regained; Dow-Jones industrials wound up 7.70 points lower at 475.29, but still some 6.48 points higher than the low reached in the May market adjustment. The drop bore little resemblance to the Cardiac Break last September. Few big investors had sold; trading was largely by smaller shareholders. Even so, losses were only a fraction of September 16th's staggering 31 points, and trading volume of 3.6 million shares was half the 7,720,000 shares traded during the Cardiac Break.

"No One's Changing." Regardless of the market's oscillations, U.S. businessmen seemed to view the presidential ill-

ness without alarm. Said Los Angeles Stock Exchange Vice Chairman Frank E. Naley: "If his recovery is rapid and complete, there should be no letup in the record industrial expansion. A slow recovery or a decision to withdraw from politics could possibly cause some hesitation, but would not stop the expansion program. The momentum is too great." Added Inland Steel's President Joseph L. Block: "Over the long range, no one man's health can have much effect. The forces in the economy are too powerful." Said the world's biggest banker, President S. Clark Beise of the Bank of America: "We will all carry on and everything will run in the same way. We shouldn't overplay any small health problem that may occur." Echoed Blyth & Co.'s President Charles R. Blyth: "No one's changing plans."

The businessmen had statistics to bolster their words. From the Federal Reserve last week came a continued gentle easing of credit in the form of Treasury bill purchases totaling \$116.7 million. The Government reported that new investment in plant and equipment was still clipping along at a record rate of \$34.8 billion in 1956's second quarter and would reach a rate of \$36.7 billion in the third quarter, both far above the first-quarter rate of \$32.8 billion annually. Employment was still rising, hit a seasonal record of 65 million in May, while personal income soared to a peak of \$317 billion, up \$2 billion from March. Unemployment was steady at 2.6 million, unchanged from April. Department-store sales for May were 6% higher than last year, while overall sales for 1956 to date are 3% ahead of 1955.

Out of the Blizzard. The trouble-beset auto industry seemed to be finally digging itself out of the blizzard of unsold 1956 models. Final figures for May showed new car inventories at 800,000 units, down 70,000 from April. With June production scheduled for only 446,000 units, some 3% less than June 1955, automakers expect to cut inventories another 100,000 by the first of July. Led by Chevrolet, which has sold a whopping 822,720 cars and trucks in 1956's first five months, only 830 fewer than the 1955 record, many companies reported sharp sales spurts in the last ten days of May. Across the U.S., dealers were hoping that both the bad spring weather and their customers' sales resistance had blown themselves out.

INDUSTRY

New Leaf

The cigar industry had news for the shade of Vice President Thomas ("What this country needs...") Marshall. Thanks to a new process, an improved 5¢ cigar was on sale across the U.S. After nearly a century, tobacco makers have found a way to turn damaged leaves and leftovers into a synthetic leaf that is milder and cheaper than natural tobacco.



Hartford Courant

NU-WAY'S SHEPARD
Good news for Marshall.

The synthetic leaf, called HTL (for "homogenized tobacco leaf," was first developed by General Cigar Co., fourth biggest U.S. cigar maker. Now in use in General Cigar's bestselling nickel brands, Robert Burns Cigarillos and William Penn cigars, HTL is rapidly finding its way into more expensive cigars. Virtually every other U.S. cigar and cigarette maker is either experimenting with "reconstituted" tobacco or actually using it. The new process is not only stirring the biggest technical shake-up in the industry since cigarettes; it has already greatly altered the market for raw tobacco, U.S. farmers' sixth most valuable cash crop. Predicts Nu-Way Tobacco Co.'s Jean Shepard Jr., who is making the binder for about 15 cigar makers: "Inside of two years, there won't be a cigar maker in the U.S. who doesn't use it."

"Fantastic Acceptance." General Cigar claims "fantastic consumer acceptance" for HTL, which is used in place of conventional "binder," the layer of tobacco (12% of the cigar) that is sandwiched between inside "filler" and outer "wrapper." General has already licensed its process to other U.S. and foreign cigar makers, many of whom expect HTL to cut the cost of 10¢ cigars by 40¢ per 100. American Machine & Foundry Co. has developed another process for homogenized tobacco binder, also has patents on machines to turn out man-made leaf, which cigarette makers shred for filler. R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. (Camels, Winstons) recently disclosed that it had been using yet another reconstituting process "for a number of years."

The major advantage of homogenization is that scraps and stems (up to 30% of the leaf) that are now discarded can



Hartford Courant

CUTTING HOMOGENIZED BINDER
Bad news for farmers.

TIME CLOCK

be pulverized, mixed with a cellulose adhesive and squeezed out in continuous rolls. For both cigar and cigarette makers, man-made leaf means a big cut in the cost of handling, grading and curing tobacco. Cigar makers who have switched to HTL binder can use imperfect broadleaf (costing only 30¢ per lb. v. high-grade broadleaf costing up to 60¢), find they need 50% less tobacco. Southern growers are complaining that use of man-made leaf in cigarettes will depress the market even further for the high-grade, high-priced "Bright leaf" they have cultivated for decades. Tobacco production, say New England farmers, may have to be slashed as much as 50%.

"Mild & Pleasant." By lowering prices and increasing demand, counter the manufacturers, HTL should eventually assure tobacco farmers a stable market. The new process will allow growers to sell scarred or storm-torn tobacco which is now unsalable; up to 40% of New England's cigar binder has to be scrapped each year because of weather damage and imperfections. Moreover, the market for high-grade cigarette tobacco has already been hurt by the rise of filter tips (more than 20% of all U.S. cigarette sales in 1955), which, say tobacco experts, generally contain less expensive tobaccos than non-filtered cigarettes. The industry also maintains that homogenized tobacco tastes better. After passing around HTL cigars, growers from Connecticut's Hartford County reported that they were "mild and pleasant."

Nevertheless, a special House-Senate subcommittee is conducting a full-scale investigation of HTL. Led by North Carolina's cigar-smoking, tobacco-chewing Senator W. Kerr Scott ("who charged manufacturers with using 'trade secrets as a Fifth Amendment'"), the committee opened hearings last month, got testimony from a North Carolina botanist that he had found particles of a "dangerous" substance akin to glass fibers in an HTL cigar. But Research Chemist Walter G. Frankenburg, the General Cigar vice president who perfected the first homogenization process, testified that the suspect particles were probably silicate fibers other than glass, added to HTL cigar binder to make it burn more evenly.

"Unfit for Humans." While General Cigar speaks proudly of HTL, most cigarette makers have kept mum on experiments. They are fearful of alarming the public, which has been nurtured on the notion that tobacco should be "pure" and "fine." A rash of anti-HTL bills have already been introduced in state legislatures and Congress; e.g., Kentucky's Representative Frank Chelf has written a bill that would ban HTL products as unfit for human consumption. Nevertheless, most tobacco men expect that synthetic leaf will inevitably be used throughout the industry. As one cigar smoker cracked last week: "HTL. MFT."

WOMEN STOCKHOLDERS now outnumber men (52%-48%) among the 8,000,000 U.S. shareholders. Average woman stockholder, according to a N.Y. Stock Exchange survey, is 46, a housewife with an annual family income of \$6,000, owns shares in at least four companies.

FARM SURPLUS will grow this year despite heavy Government sales. Though U.S. has got rid of almost \$1.8 billion in surplus goods (15% more than last year) in fiscal 1956, increased buying because of lower farm prices boosted total hoard to \$8.2 billion v. \$7.1 billion at end of fiscal 1955.

MASS PICKETING and other forms of strike violence can be halted by states despite overall federal jurisdiction in such matters, says U.S. Supreme Court. In case involving U.A.W. strike against Wisconsin's Kohler Co. (TIME, April 18, 1955), court ruled that while NLRB normally handles unfair labor practices, federal laws do not prevent a state from stepping in.

TURNPIKE TROUBLES have all but knocked out plans for a second super toll road in Ohio. With "disappointing" revenues on seven-month-old turnpike No. 1, running across state, Wall Street Securities Underwriters Blyth & Co. have told Ohio Turnpike Commission that the "time is not propitious" to finance "\$385 million road running 301 miles northeast-southwest from Conneaut to Cincinnati.

BIG OIL DEAL is bubbling up between Texas Co. and British interests in Caribbean. Texas Co. is offering \$176,400,000 for 15.7 million shares of Trinidad Oil Co., which controls 139,000 acres of land in Trinidad, has sizable production (25,000 bbls. daily) and refinery capacity (80,000 bbls. daily).

AIRLINE TRAVEL will jump 60% in the next five years, says United Air Lines President William

A. Patterson. By 1965, adds Patterson, airlines will carry more than 50% of all intercity travel v. 32% last year.

RED JET TRANSPORT will be offered to airlines in competition with U.S. craft. Russians are listing twin-jet TU-104 at \$2,000,000, including spare parts, v. about \$6,000,000 for U.S. Boeing 707 or Douglas DC-8. Russian transport is smaller, slower, shorter-ranged than U.S. planes and only slightly pressurized, but airmen expect dollar-short foreign airlines to buy some.

TURBINE OIL DRILL, similar to one touted by Russians, will come to U.S. after all. After Dresser Industries failed to get Commerce Department permission to import high-speed Russian turbodrill in exchange for U.S. technical information (TIME, May 28), Dresser signed agreement to manufacture and market almost identical French drill supposed to cut through rock ten times faster than rotary drills.

REPUBLIC STRIKE, one of bitterest in recent aviation history, is ending after 15 weeks. Jet-plane maker and 12,000 Machinists' union workers have agreed on 17½¢ hourly package wage increase, less than half what union originally demanded, three times what company first offered.

CONRAD HILTON will put up a new hotel (his 4th, built or planned) in Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle, on land leased from Equitable Life Assurance Society. It will be finished in late 1958, cost \$15 million, have 800 air-conditioned rooms.

ECONOMIC FORECASTERS got a \$2,750,000 grant from the Ford Foundation to investigate economic problems more fully—and thus perhaps improve their forecasts—via study professorships at California, Chicago, Columbia, Yale and Harvard universities.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Hard Figures on Russia

How is the Russian economy doing? In Stalin's day it was hard to tell, since the figures given were percentage gains from a base that was seldom given. Last week a comprehensive set of hard figures emerged for the first time, as the Russians published their first volume of production statistics in 17 years. According to *The National Economy of the U.S.S.R.*, between 1940 and 1955:

- Q Steel production rose 142% from 18.3 million tons to 45.3 million tons. (In the same period U.S. steel output rose 67% to 117 million tons.)
- Q Coal output increased 136% from 165.9 million tons to 391 million tons (while U.S. output decreased 3.5%).
- Q Oil gushed up 128% from 212.1 mil-

lion bbls. to 482.9 million bbls. (U.S. comparison: a rise of 82.8% to 2.5 billion bbls.)

Q Electric power increased 252% from 48.3 billion kilowatt-hours annually to 170.1 billion. (U.S. kw-h rose 275%.)

Q Vehicles, including trucks and autos, increased 206% from 145,500 to 445,300 units. (U.S. rise: 106% from 4,472,286 to 9,212,572 units.)

Q Shoe output went up 30% from 211 million pairs to 274.5 million. (In the U.S. it went from about 402 million to 577 million, an increase of 42%.)

Q Radio and TV sets went up 2,522% from 161,000 to 4,222,000 units. (U.S. comparison: from 11.8 million to 22.2 million units, an 88% hike.)

The rare Soviet volume, corresponding to the U.S. *Statistical Abstract*, which has been issued annually since 1878, had

ATOMIC POWER

Is Industry Reacting Fast Enough?

SINCE Congress 21 months ago ended the Government monopoly on developing atomic energy and invited private enterprise to take a hand, 58 U.S. companies have pledged an estimated \$358 million toward construction of atomic reactors with an ultimate capacity of 1,200,000 kw. Nevertheless, private industry is being charged with dragging its feet on atomic development and letting foreign nations get ahead of the U.S. Warns Tennessee's Democratic Senator Albert Gore: "We are losing the race for construction of industrial and civilian atomic-power reactors. Loss of this race to the Soviets would be catastrophic."

To speed U.S. efforts, Gore and Democratic Representative Chet Holifield of California are pushing the Gore-Holifield bill (S-2725 and HR-10805), directing the Federal Government to build six full-scale atomic power plants in different regions of the U.S. Gore says his proposal is "simply a matter of getting the job done as quickly as possible." Actually it raises the old issue of public v. private power in a new form. If the bill should become law, private industry would be pushed aside and public atomic power would be strategically located in six choice areas. Moreover, operating under the "preference clause" of the Atomic Energy Act of 1954, the plants would give priority not to private customers but to consumers of public power, i.e., federal, municipal or cooperative electricity plants.

The Gore group's big argument is the need for haste. Russia plans to build more than 2,000,000 kw. of capacity by 1960. The British expect by 1965 to be operating 12 to 17 atomic power plants with up to 2,000,000 kw. capacity. The U.S., on the other hand, plans to produce only about half that amount by 1965.

In reply, Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Lewis L. Strauss last week raised his powerful voice in opposition to the Gore "crash program." Strauss's big point is that the U.S., which has available cheap sources of conventional power, does not need A-power as badly as do some foreign nations; therefore building reactors just for the prestige would be "shortsighted." What the U.S. needs, says the AEC chief, is to utilize its scarce technical skills in an experimental program to find "reactors which will provide economically competitive power," rather than reactors that probably would be obsolete before they got into operation.

There are today at least eight feasible techniques for generating reactor heat convertible into electricity, e.g., pressurized water, sodium-graphite, boiling water, fast breeder. Britain, in some need of power, is concentrating on one proved but cumbersome method (using a gas coolant), which is fast becoming obsolescent; Russia plans seven reactors; the U.S., however, is actively planning to build and operate all eight types, in addition is considering at least two others. This means that the U.S. will lag in actual atomic-power output; it should also mean that the U.S. will emerge with the best method. A recent editorial in the *Journal of British Nuclear Engineering* crowed about prospective British ascendancy over the U.S. in atomic-power output, but admitted: "At least one and probably more [of the U.S.-designed reactors] will probably have asserted itself as a normal piece of industrial equipment by about 1960. [while] in Britain there is at present no sign that a comparable situation will obtain at that time."

In the business of exporting reactors to foreign countries, the U.S. is already substantially ahead. The U.S. has built and sold one research reactor to Switzerland, has contracts to sell four more to Spain, Brazil, Japan and Italy, and is to build a full-fledged commercial reactor for Belgium. Thus the U.S. is far ahead of Russia and Britain in the sale of research reactors, and is the only nation planning to export a commercial reactor.

While U.S. progress might be faster, the faults are not private industry's. It took 13 months from the time Consolidated Edison started negotiations with AEC to build a privately financed reactor before the AEC came through with the construction permit. Today, most private companies are still waiting on such essential Government actions as: 1) Government reinsurance to protect private companies against catastrophic damages from a reactor accident, 2) amendment of the Public Utility Holding Company Act to permit individual companies to club together to raise the huge sums necessary to build atomic reactors, 3) a Treasury ruling that expenditures for atomic experimentation are tax deductible, 4) full revelation by AEC of data necessary for building power plants.

In short, what is needed is not a bill to set up Government reactors but a determined effort by Congress and the Administration to remove the roadblocks that keep industry from doing the job.

some other fascinating informational tidbits. It reported more than 50 million students in the U.S.S.R.'s educational system, including 1,961,000 in technical schools, 1,867,000 in colleges, 30 million in high schools. It gave Russia's size as 7,875,558 sq.mi., its population as 200.2 million—a rise of only 8.5 million since 1940, apparently because of World War II deaths and dislocations.

Q The number of civilian engineers rose 102% from 289,900 in 1941 to \$85,900. (In the U.S. the number rose 100% from 300,000 to 600,000.)

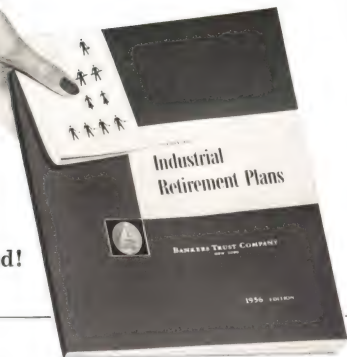
More Trade with Red China

Ever since the end of the Korean war, the United Nations' dike against trade with Communist China has grown steadily weaker. Last week the cracks became a chasm. In London the British Foreign Office announced that it would allow all colonial governments to resume shipments of rubber to Red China, and added privately that "we intend to resume trade on as many fronts as possible without allowing China strategic materials it cannot get from Russia." In short order, Malaya issued permission for each concern to sell up to 2,000 tons to the Chinese Communists; Indonesia announced that it would sell not only rubber but supplies of oil and tin as well, while Japan also planned to boost its China trade. Said Britain's control officer in Hong Kong: "I would call it the beginning of the end of the sentimental embargo."

The news was no shock to the U.S. Much of the muscle had already gone out of the embargo in 1954, when the U.S. agreed to reduce the embargo list for Soviet Russia and her European satellites to 170 strategic items (*TIME*, Sept. 6, 1954). Thus, though China itself was still forbidden a list of some 450 items, there was nothing to stop the Russians from buying and passing along a wide range of hanned goods. The attrition increased when the U.S. tacitly agreed to the use of an "exceptions procedure" by which Western businessmen could claim that any item sold Russia was an "exception" to the embargo, sell it to China as well. Using the device, Japan sold 15,000 tons of galvanized steel to China in return for coking coal, while Britain shipped 4,000 tons of steel plus at least 60 tractors. Last week's action was merely notification that U.S. allies intend to widen the use of exceptions to include many items—chemicals, farm machinery, nonferrous metals, etc. Said a U.S. State Department spokesman: "There will be an increasing use of exceptions, and we will be kidding ourselves if we don't face that probability."

Actually, few realistic Britons look for any big, immediate boost in Red trade. Though China was once a big market, trade slumped last year to a bare \$22.3 million worth of exports, and the Communists have offered little so far either in barter or cash. When a Red delegation arrived in London in 1954, all it had to trade was benzoated (preserved) egg yolks, leopard skins and human hair while demanding locomotives, steel and heavy

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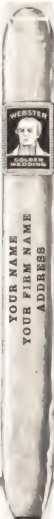
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vehicles. As for cash, Red China's sterling balance is only some \$250 million, a figure which would be quickly liquidated by shipments of rubber and expensive machinery. Even Singapore's and Hong Kong's China traders look for no swift bonanza. In recent years, China has oriented its trade, like its politics, almost exclusively toward the Soviet bloc, is not likely to shift in a hurry. Wrote Singapore's *Straits Times*, with only a modest cheer: "No doubt there is a tremendous potential market in China, but it is a long way off."

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Blowproof Tire. Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. is test-marketing a nylon cord tire within a tire that it says can be driven about 250 miles after a puncture or blow-out had enough to slash the casing. The tire has two casings—inner and outer—each with an independent air supply. If the outer casing is punctured, the built-in spare inner casing keeps the tire inflated. Goodyear hopes its Captive-Air tire will replace the tubeless tire, which turns punctures into slow leaks and allows a safe but quick stop. Price: 40%-60% more than standard tubeless tires.

Plastic Trucks. A molded, single-piece plastic refrigerator body for trucks was announced by Heil Co., Milwaukee. Heil says its "Frigid-Van" maintains lower temperatures longer, needs only half the usual insulation, has 20% more load space, keeps out moisture. The plastic also whips two major refrigerator-truck life shorteners: rust and corrosion. Price per 12-ft. body: \$2,300.

Electronic Banker. An electronic savings-bank system built by the Teleregister Corp., Stamford, Conn. handles 4,500 transactions hourly, accommodates up to 250,000 savings accounts. The data-processing system uses magnetic "memory" drums to control accounts, display uncleared check conditions, signal overdrafts, give tellers instantaneous access to any account. For the first customer, Howard Savings Institution of Newark, the "magnetronic savings-account system" will centrally record deposits and withdrawals made at the main office and five branch banks, saving customers' time and eliminating bulky manual records.

Fashion Tabulator. Remington Rand has developed an electronic ordering and tabulating system for Jonathan Logan, Inc., women's apparel manufacturer, says it will slash as much as two weeks from the order-production-delivery cycle. In the showroom, buyers' orders are recorded on punch cards, transcribed to manufacturing tickets, speeded to cutting rooms. The electronic system spots buying trends, permits producers to concentrate on their best-sellers and to drop the slow-moving also-rans.

Tiny TV Camera. Lockheed Aircraft Corp. has pared down a TV camera to 1½ by 2 by 5 in., sufficiently small and light to tuck into the thin wings of supersonic jet fighters. With such cameras set

to watch the vertical stabilizer, landing gear and other parts of a new plane, pilots can see what is happening to a jet as it happens, rather than filming the action, watching the event from films afterward. Other possible uses include walkie-talkie-lookie TV.

CORPORATIONS

New Wrapper

Two New York companies that have made a mint from nickel candy decided last week that life would be even sweeter under one corporate wrapper. Life Savers Corp., whose 14 candy flavors earned \$2,750,000 last year, agreed to merge with Beech-Nut Packing Co., third biggest U.S. chewing-gum maker (after Wrigley, American Chicle). The merger, still to be formally approved by directors and stockholders, was a logical move for both companies. Life Savers was eager to expand. Beech-Nut, which also makes baby food, coffee and peanut butter, had been unable to fatten its profit margin: only \$3,747,000 last year, about 4% on \$91,084,000 worth of sales. v. Life Savers' 13.5% net on a \$20,382,000 gross. Said 73-year-old Edward John Noble, Life Savers' executive-committee chairman: "We're both going to earn a great deal more money from now on."

Exuberant Ed Noble, who with Partner J. Roy Allen bought Life Savers for \$2,900 in 1913, still holds a controlling interest in the \$16 million company he calls a "happy, whimsical little business." A top-flight public servant (he was the Civil Aeronautics Authority's first chairman) under Franklin D. Roosevelt, Noble swung the biggest deal in radio history when he bought the old Blue Network (later renamed the American Broadcasting Co.) for \$8,000,000 in 1943. In 1951 he traded his 58% stock interest in the network to Paramount in a \$25 million share swap.



LIFE SAVERS' NOBLE
One lost fling.

Gory Wagner



COTTON EXCHANGE PRESIDENT ROGERS AT TRADING RING
New York borrowed a page from Louisiana.

Ben Martin

still serves as ABC-Paramount's finance committee chairman.

Ed Noble is expected to be top boss of the merged company, Beech-Nut Life Savers Inc. W. Clark Arkell, 68, Beech-Nut board chairman (and son of Founder Bartlett Arkell), will have stock control, with some 10% of the 3,500,000 shares. Beech-Nut stockholders will get 1.2 shares in the merged corporation for each Beech-Nut share; Life Savers stock will be traded in on a share-for-share basis.

The new management will consolidate sales organizations and let Life Savers (which also makes Pine Bros.' cough drops) take over Beech-Nut's chewing-gum business. Noble plans other economies. For example, Beech-Nut, which started out making hickory-cured ham in Canajoharie, N.Y. 65 years ago, has had an increasingly tough job competing in food lines with such giants as General Foods, Standard Brands and H. J. Heinz, could branch into higher-profit products. Bubbled Noble last week: "This will be one last fling."

AVIATION

Trippe to Moscow

Taxing closer to a prize plum—the New York-Moscow air route—topflight executives of Pan American World Airways last week applied for Soviet visas, expected to be dickering soon in the U.S.S.R. for landing rights. President Juan Terry Trippe is to head the five-man mission to Moscow. For weeks, Pan Am brass has been huddling with Soviet diplomats in Washington, biting away at technical questions, e.g., maintenance facilities, fuel storage, radio navigation aids, passenger and baggage facilities. The Russians, who instigated the talks and appear willing to grant berthing privileges in other cities of the U.S.S.R., invited Pan Am to dispatch its top technicians to Moscow and settle other traffic problems on the spot.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ President Donald Bradford Lourie, 56, succeeded retiring chairman John Stuart, 79, as chief executive of Quaker Oats Co. Alabama-born Don Lourie, an All-America quarterback at Princeton (class of '22), joined Quaker Oats at graduation, rose in sales and advertising departments to the presidency in 1947. Named to replace Stuart as chairman in September is his younger brother, former president and vice chairman R. (for Robert) Douglas Stuart, 70, who has served the family-founded Quaker Oats for half a century, recently retired after three years as U.S. Ambassador to Canada.

¶ Malcolm Joseph Rogers, 51, onetime page boy, was voted president of the New York Cotton Exchange, world's oldest and largest cotton futures market. Rogers, who still speaks with a Louisiana accent, quit school at 13 to become a page at the New Orleans Cotton Exchange. At Leon Gibert & Co., he moved from office boy to partner, represented the brokerage firm in the New York Cotton Exchange from 1933 to 1935. On his own since then, Rogers spends the full five hours of daily trading sessions on the exchange floor, handling orders in the cotton ring.

¶ John Dewey Allen, 58, onetime messenger at the New York Produce Exchange (oils, fats, grain, seed, feed, flour), was elected the exchange's 59th president. As a boy, Allen picked up pin money plucking pickle cucumbers on his native Long Island. Breaking in as a messenger on the exchange floor in 1914, he became floor trader for Munn & Jenkins, shipping brokers, later founded his Allen Shipping Co., worldwide middleman between ship-owners and bulk cargo shippers. Allen saw duty in two world wars (from buck private to colonel), directed operations at the port of Antwerp in World War II.

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Man says:



"Nine
out of 10
successful
men want
custom-
built life
insurance."

Some men, of course, can get by nicely with "ready-to-wear" life insurance designed for average instead of individual needs. But for most successful men—at least 9 out of 10—life insurance is something personal that must be custom-made to meet personal needs. To serve such men, Mutual Benefit Life men like Martin E. Monat of New York City, have made life-time, full-time careers of planning life insurance instead of merely selling it. For the name of the Mutual Benefit Life man near you, write the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, Newark, New Jersey.



RELIGION

Divorce & the Church

British law recognizes divorce: priests of England's state church are thus legally entitled—like other ministers—to remarry divorced people. But if they do, they face a growing current of conservatism within the Church of England. The draft of a canon flatly prohibiting remarriage of the divorced has long been creeping through official Anglican channels on its way to becoming church law, and last month it reached the Convocation of Canterbury. With Parliament the ultimate stop, the Archbishop of Canterbury felt it prudent to raise a warning hand.

"If we take this clause to Parliament . . ." he said, "the chances of its being rejected are almost overwhelming. We must take into account whether, for the sake of a clause we believe in, it would be wise to challenge a final battle . . ."

Every bishop and vicar knew what he meant. There is much latent sentiment in secular Britain against the state-linked church (it showed recently during the Princess Margaret-Captain Townsend controversy). If Parliament turned down the churchmen's divorce clause, then the bishops and vicars would have to choose either to defy Parliament or to back down, thus inviting the disestablishmentarians to go to work. Disestablishment would mean loss of state protection, possibly some lands, and the privilege of crowning England's monarchs.

So the churchmen retreated—all but the brand-new Bishop of London, High-Church Montgomery Campbell. "As everybody knows, Parliament cannot legislate against the known mind of the electorate," he said, "so it comes back to us . . . The church has to be firm in her witness to the God-given theory of marriage, an indissoluble union of one man and one woman. Therefore we have to stand to our resolution that there can be no remarriage in church where one or other of the parties has a partner living."

Next day he took it back. The bishop's statement "was intended as an exhortation, not as a command," said a spokesman. But the secular press saw its chance, and pounced: "How smug," exploded the *Daily Mirror*, "and how stupid." Editorialized the *Daily Sketch*: "Once again the Church of England has spoken with two voices." And the *Evening Standard*: "The new Bishop of London has made an unfortunate start in his high and important office." The established Church of England quietly buttoned up its gaiters and waited for things to quiet down.

Heavyweight Bout

Is boxing sinful? Two Roman Catholic moralists are slugging it out over the issue, while Italy roots at the ringside. In the staid church fortnightly, *Palestra del Clero*, Jesuit Alfredo Boschi has been conducting a campaign against the sport as a violation of the commandment "Thou shalt not kill." "Professional boxing can-

not be justified from a moral viewpoint but must be condemned as something gravely illicit in itself," he wrote. "It not only produces but aims to produce serious injuries which can become permanent and can lead to death."

The Vatican's official *Osservatore Romano* answered back, but not exactly wholeheartedly, with an article by the Rev. Filippo Robotti: "Boxing is not something to be exalted or encouraged by Catholics . . . But it is not considered immoral and, in consequence, can at least be tolerated. Should boxing matches be gravely immoral, all promoters, boxers,



Elia Ertsova-Luz
ROCKY MARCIANO AT WORK
Is it immoral?

managers and spectators would be in mortal sin. However, the great world champion, Gene Tunney, was chosen by ecclesiastical authorities president of U.S. Catholic youth. Rocky Marciano is a fervent practicing Catholic . . . Many boxers, both in Italy and the U.S., cross themselves before entering the ring, which would be sacrilegious if boxing were essentially immoral."

Last week Jesuit Boschi danced out of his corner with a long article citing authorities from St. Thomas to Joe Louis, and quoting past *Osservatore* comments against the prize ring: "Boxing makes a beast of man . . . the most brutal sport ever conceived . . . adoration of brute strength, of the fist which can pulverize the brain." Then he called on the Pope himself to referee. Though the decision may be several centuries in coming, it looked, from the newspapers' letters columns, as if all Europe were taking sides.

The Red Book

A likely international bestseller, just published by Catholic Action in Rome, is a careful analysis of Communist tactics and techniques in its war against Roman Catholicism. *Red Book*, a 378-page volume by Albert Galters, a Swiss, ticks off the Red record of persecution country by country in documented detail. But most interesting to the general reader is the overall survey of the subject, presented in the first chapter.

"If the church's strength consisted only of its external organization," writes Galters, "one would be compelled to say that the Communist regimes had been successful against her because, as things are today, there no longer exists an independent ecclesiastical organization beyond the Iron Curtain; all is directed and controlled by the state." State bureaus of ecclesiastical affairs even write pastoral letters for bishops' signatures.

Captured Canons. Communist regimes use two methods of taking over a diocese. First they find that standard fixture, the "frustrated canon," a clergyman of some intelligence and much ambition who needs little convincing that he can run things better than the bishop. The bishop, the seduction speech runs, is so conservative that he will end by bringing the Communists clamping down on the church, and then how about the souls unshriven, the infants unbaptized? Thus, "bishops, priests and faithful are placed continually before a crisis of conscience. The bishops in particular find themselves faced with the gravest decision: if they refuse to acknowledge the appointment of the candidate [the frustrated canon] he will be nominated without the bishops' consent. This will cause confusion in the diocese and there will be no one left to resist the further demands of the Communists. If, on the other hand, the bishops accept the Communist-nominated priest, the bishop finds himself collaborating with the Communists."

When this corruption from within the local church has been completed, the Communists move into the second phase to damp down the religious zeal so that gradually the Marxian "economic man" will supplant the Christian.

Catacombs on Escape. "Communism has come to the conclusion that it will never succeed in destroying religion with brutal force; open persecution will never suppress the faith but only destroy its public and exterior manifestations. The Communists don't want this. They don't want a church in the catacombs which would escape the Communist Party's and government's control. They want a church that may be active, with administration of the sacraments and even large church attendances, but controlled by them through the choice of the priests in charge. The most tragic aspect of today's persecution is that the church is in servitude, tricked into serving the ends of the godless."

"Communism is the greatest, most dangerous power that the church has ever



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tailed. Mohammedanism wanted to destroy the church materially but left her her soul. Communism would pervert the soul of the church. This is because the church is the greatest obstacle in the path of materialism. There are more Communists who see in Christianity their chief enemy than Christians who see their enemy in Communism.

Race, Marriage & Women

Green Montreat Valley, nestled in North Carolina's Blue Ridge Mountains was once the 6,000-acre hunting preserve of Candy King John S. Huyler. Now it is a kind of religious preserve owned by the Presbyterian Church in the U.S. (Southern), and operated as an assembly grounds and for the peace and pleasure of its retired and vacationing members. Last week 482 commissioners, representing more than 810,000 members, 1,806 congregations, gathered there for the Southern Presbyterians' 66th general assembly. The commissioners (including ten Negroes) debated and prayed for six days in grey stone Anderson Auditorium, partly by act, partly by refusal to act, put Southern Presbyterianism on record.

Against Segregation. Two presbyteries in South Carolina and one in Alabama made "overtures" (requests) that the assembly submit to all 85 presbyteries for a vote its 1954 proclamation that all men are equal in Christ and that congregations and institutions should open their doors to all races. The assembly turned the requests down cold—first in standing committee and then in a unanimous vote of all the delegates.

For Tighter Marriage Laws. By its second unanimous vote of the session, the assembly decided to stop remarriage even the innocent parties in divorces granted for adultery or desertion. At the same time, however, the report recommended that congregations appoint committees to examine divorced candidates for remarriage to determine whether the local minister should make an exception to the remarriage ban.

For Women in Church Office. By a bare eight votes (234 to 226), the assembly passed a recommendation that women be eligible for the offices of ruling elder and deacon in the congregations. By a voice vote, the delegates also recommended that women be permitted to speak in ecclesiastical courts. The recommendation on holding office is still to be approved by a majority of the 85 presbyteries when it is brought before the general assembly for final action.

As moderator for the next year, the Presbyterians elected conservative Dr. William Taliaferro ("Tolly") Thompson, 70, who retired this month after 36 years as professor of Christian education at Union Theological Seminary in Richmond. In accepting the silver sash, Dr. Thompson gave his fellow Presbyterians something for all Christians to think about. "Genuine Christians," said he, "ought to be as distinguishable from others as a civilized man is from a savage."

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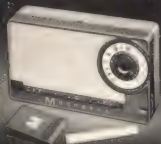
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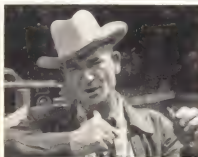
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CINEMA

Box Office

The most popular and successful movies in the U.S. last month, according to the tradesheet *Variety*:

- 1) *The Man Who Knew Too Much* (Paramount)
- 2) *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* (20th Century-Fox)
- 3) *The Revolt of Mamie Stover* (20th Century-Fox)
- 4) *Cinerama Holiday* (Independent)
- 5) *Oklahoma!* (Magna)
- 6) *Alexander the Great* (United Artists)
- 7) *Meet Me in Las Vegas* (M-G-M)
- 8) *The Birds and the Bees* (Paramount)
- 9) *The Harder They Fall* (Columbia)
- 10) *Tribute to a Bad Man* (M-G-M)

The New Pictures

The Proud and Profane (Paramount), is another re-match between those reliable romantic antagonists: the roughneck and the lady. Both are in uniform this time, and their I-hate-you-I-love-you conflict is fought on the beaches and bedrooms of the South Pacific during World War II.

William Holden, wearing a mustache and a scowl, plays a hard-boiled Marine colonel who flourishes a swagger stick, derides the Red Cross for dishing out "sentimental slop" to his boys, eats out a chaplain simply because the troops, attending a prayer meeting called by the reverend, got sprayed by Japanese mortar shells.

Even worse, Holden makes crude physical advances to a sensitive, high-principled Red Cross girl (Deborah Kerr) who will only condescend to talk to him when he promises to tell her about the death of her husband on Guadalcanal.

Deborah not only gets bamboozled; she gets pregnant. When she learns that bad Col. Bill Holden already has a wife, she takes what appears to be *The Only Way Out* and tries to fling herself from a cliff. Holden saves her, but so clumsily that she is nearly brained in the process. Will she recover? Yes. Will she lose the embarrassing baby? Naturally.

Now remorse moves in. Bill, seeking surcease in battle, gets a decorative head wound and is brought back to Deborah mumbling, "Forgive me." She does.

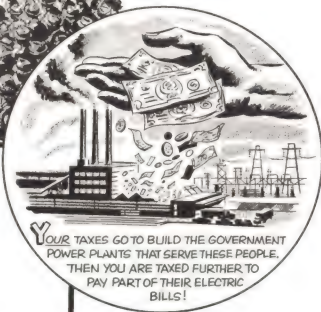
Based on a novel by Lucy Herndon Crockett and filmed in the Virgin Islands. *The Proud and Profane* was produced and directed by the talented team of William Perleberg and George Seaton (*Miracle on 34th Street*, *The Country Girl*) and has a strong supporting cast headed by talented Thelma Ritter. None of them could save it.

D-Day the Sixth of June (20th Century-Fox), in case anybody has forgotten, was the day Robert Taylor invaded France. Followed by a few hardy Hollywood extras, he went smashing ashore

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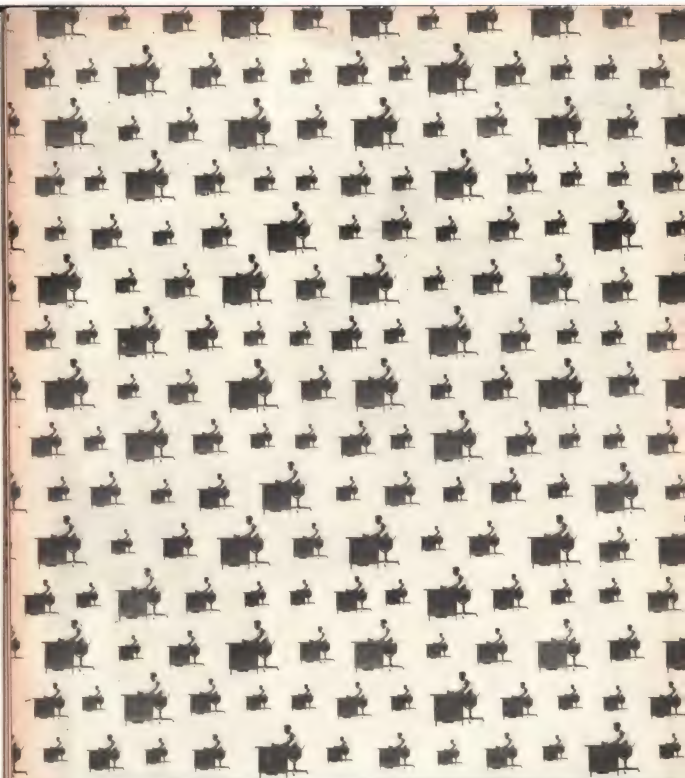
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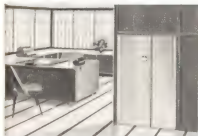
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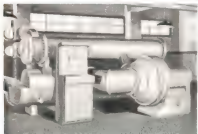
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SERVES BUSINESS MORE WAYS

even before H-hour had struck, and broke the first hole in Hitler's Atlantic wall. After that, this picture seems to suggest, all that the other millions of guys had to do was to jump over Taylor's half-dead body and be careful not to fall in the Elbe. Back in London, Soldier Taylor



DANA WYNTER & ROBERT TAYLOR
Grey flannel is indicated.

gives a curt goodbye to an English girl (Dana Wynter)—whose heart breaks in a nice, quiet English way, like a crumple—and ships back to the little woman and the big house in Connecticut, where he clearly intends to trade in that olive drab for a grey flannel suit.

The Proud and the Beautiful® (Kingsley-International), a French film based on an original treatment by Jean Paul Sartre, is an existentialist soap opera—a sort of *Magnificent Obsession* with a French accent.

In the Lloyd C. Douglas story the suffering was zoned; it took place only in the very best shrunken. In the Sartre resartion, Agony Alley is the main drag of an abominably filthy Mexican village. There, stretched flat on the floor boards of a squalid second-class bus, a European traveler (André Toifet) is dying of cerebrosplinal meningitis. His wife (Michele Morgan) rushes out to look for the local doctor, but all she finds is a wambling wreck (Gérard Philipe) who has not dared to push a pill since his wife died in a child-birth he drunkenly mismanaged.

The doctor is still drunk, and the patient, left to the ministrations of a large and friendly cockroach, dies. Whereupon

* Not to be confused with any other picture of almost the same name, e.g., *The Proud and the Protege*, *The Proud and the Diamond*, *The Bad and the Beautiful*, *The Pride and the Passion*. Latest title-battle in Hollywood concerns a forthcoming production of *The Proud and the Punishment*, adapted from the novel by Fedor Auster.

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MICHELE MORGAN & GÉRARD PHILIPPE
A lurch for a wretch.

the wife, moved by one of those curiously perverse impulses that seem to govern the existential existence, develops a lurch for the wretch who would not lift a finger to save the man she presumably loved.

All in all, the obsession is something less than magnificent, but somehow Sartre and his collaborators, Director Yves Allegret and Scenarists Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost, sound a more vibrant note than Hollywood and Author Douglas did. Parisian pessimism is absurdly sentimental, but it is seldom as absurd as Hollywood's vacuum-packed optimism.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Killing. Just another caper, but Director Stanley Kubrick has executed it nimbly (TIME, June 4).

The Swan. A pretty, witty fairy tale, written by Ferenc Molnar, in which Grace Kelly is won by middle-aged Prince Charming Alec Guinness (TIME, April 23).

The Bold and the Brave. A parable of love and war, in which the spiritual battle is the payoff; with Wendell Corey, Don Taylor, Mickey Rooney (TIME, April 16).

Forbidden Planet. A spring cruise at the speed of light to Altair-4—a small, out-of-the-way planet with two moons, green sky, pink sand, personal robot service (TIME, April 9).

Richard III. Shakespeare's sinister parable of power is made into a darkly magnificent film by Sir Laurence Olivier, who plays the title role with satanic majesty. Supporting cast: Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Claire Bloom, Pamela Brown (TIME, March 12).

The Ladykillers. Farcical larceny, with light-fingered Alec Guinness lifting £60,000 from an armored truck and then losing it—and the picture—to scene-stealing Katie Johnson (TIME, March 12).

Picnic. William Inge's play about a husky athlete (William Holden) who bounces around a small town like a loose ball while the ladies (Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak) fumble excitedly for possession (TIME, Feb. 27).

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TO A YOUNG MAN WHO WANTS TO EARN \$10,000

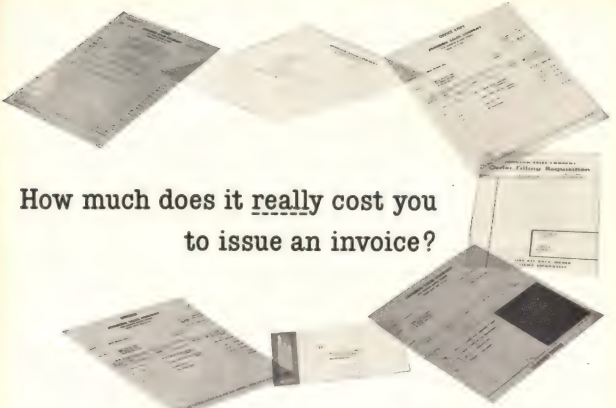
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BOOKS

Death of an Old Maid

THE LONELY PASSION OF JUDITH HEARNE (223 pp.)—Brian Moore—Atlantic-Little, Brown (\$3.50).

Judith Hearne is an old maid whose soul drifts like flotsam on a landlocked sea of Irish malice. It is the impressive feat of First Novelist Brian Moore, an Irish-born Montreal newspaperman, to compel the reader to follow the course of this human driftwood to its last miserable beach. Author Moore believes with G. K. Chesterton of his native city that:

*The folk that live in black Belfast,
Their heart is in their mouth . . .*

Broken Hope. It is not so much fear as despair that haunts Judith Hearne, following her like a faithful cur from one dreary Belfast bed-sitting room to another. She is fortyish in a land where a good man is not only hard to find, but for an aging, long-faced music teacher with no more than a hundred pounds a year to her name, downright impossible.

Yet she hopes, and the merciless way in which her hope is broken is the theme of this moving book. The button-eyes of her shoes, a cracked lithograph of the Sacred Heart, and her aunt's photograph are the familiars of her lonely misery. These possessions symbolize the three elements which transport Judith Hearne to her doom—genteel poverty, a puritan concept of Catholicism, and the aunt who had exploited pity to keep her in domestic servitude.

Brian Moore has told an old-maid joke, if it is realized that the point of the spinster joke is human cruelty—and that none sees the point more clearly than the spin-



NOVELIST MOORE
The joke is human cruelty.



Photo-Archiv Berlin

COUNT VON MOLTKE ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE
"The body they may kill; God's truth obideth still."

ster. There are many conspirators against the old maid. The first is Belfast, "drab façades of the buildings proclaiming the virtues of trade, hard dealing and Presbyterian righteousness," with "the dour Ulster burghers walking proudly among these monuments to their mediocrity."

"A Boozie." In this dreadful city is set a dreadful boarding house, whose inmates, one by one, destroy Spinster Judith as barnyard fowls peck to death a sickly hen. Her latest and last landlady is Mrs. Henry Rice, with a "bad, black-hearted, slimy voice." The landlady's son, Bernie, is an atrocious intellectual engaged in writing a great poem. His mother washes his hair for him, while he dreams of himself as Messire Bernardus Riccio, a Machiavellian figure. The landlady's brother, James Patrick Madden, is back from New York and thought to be rich; although a vulgar sort, Madden is Judith's last hope for a husband. The parish priest is a hard, harsh, unimaginative zealot called Father Quigley. Like all such spinsters, Miss Hearne has rich and happy friends—Professor Owen O'Neill and his family, but these, too, fail her because she comes to understand that her Sunday visits are permitted by charity, not offered from love.

Novelist Moore, for the most part, lets his characters describe each other with merciless Irish precision. Judith Hearne, alas, is "a boozie," "an ould fraud," and on one "day to end all," she is jostled from her waking daydream by the discovery that the "American" Madden is not rich and does not want to marry her. The only fortune he ever made was compensation for being run down by a city bus, and he wanted the old maid's money to start a "hamburg joint" for Yankee tourists.

The last step on her path to madness and ruin is her belief that God himself has failed her. Out of the elements of what might have been merely a dismal story, Novelist Moore has composed an authentic tragedy. The struggles of Judith Hearne in her lace-curtain destiny are those of a gladiator caught in his net.

Fifty-Seven Martyrs

DYING WE LIVE (285 pp.)—Pantheon (\$4.50).

To read this book is to listen to the prayers of men about to die, who, dying, choose to salute not Caesar but God.

An estimated 6,000,000 Jews and untold numbers of gypsies and slave laborers perished in the racial and religious mass murder of Nazism. But there were other victims whose "crimes" were individual and matters of conscience. Here, 57 such victims, most of them German Christians, speak their last from Hitler's charnel houses; their words blend into a vox humana whose organ tone speaks of things older than man's inhumanity to man.

It may serve to remind the world that Bach as well as Himmler was German, and that Hitler was an enemy of Christians as much as of Jews. From the time Hitler took power in 1933 he held German honor in prison, and it is a sort of miracle that honor's voice was ever heard, and that it should speak, not as might be expected, in hatred and hysteria, but in the grave tones of Christian charity.

Heir to All. This painful, terrible book has been made from the last letters of priests, pastors, officers, officials. Most of them could have chosen to share the promised Nazi victory, but instead, each chose to be a victim.

The tone is set by Helmuth James, Count von Moltke, a great-grandnephew of the Prussian field marshal whose strategy won the Franco-Prussian war. Moltke was executed at the Plötzensee prison in January 1945 for discussing matters "that are the exclusive concern of the Führer." By his name and rank he could have aspired to any position in Hitler's Reich; instead, he agreed with what his jailers told him at his own trial: "Christianity and we National Socialists have one thing in common, and one thing only: we claim the whole man." Agreeing, he died a whole man—a Christian one.

Moltke, heir to all Germany had to offer, repudiated his inheritance. "My

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whole life long," he wrote to his sons. "I have been fighting against [the] merciless consistency that is latent in the German and that has found its expression in the National Socialist state." To his wife, he wrote: "[They may] take my goods, my honor, my child and wife; the body they may kill; God's truth abideth still, His kingdom is forever."

So the record runs from the simple words of a Sudetenland farm boy condemned to death because he refused to join the SS to the Latin prayers of a Jesuit like Alfred Delp, who called his prison a "kindergarten of death." Delp's greatest gratitude was that once he was able to slip out of his fetters so that he could say Mass with his hands completely free. The book ranges in spirit from the last message of the member of a Communist resistance group who said: "Mankind, I have loved you. Be vigilant," to the gentle prayers of


Photo-Archiv-Berlin

VICTIM LEBER

But one head to lose.

a seaman. Kim Maltbe-Bruun, who, the day after he had been tortured, wrote, "Suddenly I realized how incredibly strong I am. When the soul returned once more to the body, it was as if the jubilation of the whole world had been gathered together here." A onetime mayor of Leipzig, Carl Friedrich Goerdeler, implicated in the July 20, 1944 plot against Hitler's life, wrote in his death cell: "Christ . . . did not teach love for one's fellow countryman but for one's neighbor. Honor thy father and thy mother," but not the head of the nation. To the latter, render what is Caesar's . . . but not the soul . . .

Under the Whips. Some, like Julius Leber, a Social-Democratic member of the Reichstag, spoke in tones of courageous epicram in which Americans can hear an echo of Nathan Hale: "I have only one head, and what better cause to risk it for than this?" Others, like Petter Moen, an Oslo insurance man who, at 43, found himself under the steel whips of the Gestapo, said the simple truth. In pinpricks on a roll of paper, Moen wrote: "Was interrogated twice. Was whipped . . . Am terribly afraid of pain. But no fear of death."

Christoph Probst, a student and anti-

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Nazi, wrote to his mother: "I thank you for having given me life," and to his sister: "I never knew that dying is so easy . . . I die without any feeling of hatred."

Perhaps the most moving of all the letters are those of men in responsible command positions in the German army, who did what they did with full knowledge of the consequences—not only in terms of traditional patriotism but to the safety of their families. Wrote Heinrich, Count von Lehndorff-Steinort, to his wife, on the eve of his "condemnation and execution" (he was involved in the July 20 plot):

"Most dearly beloved to me in all the world: This is probably the last letter you will receive from me on this earth. Although my thoughts have pursued an orbit around you day and night ever since our separation . . . I fear that with everything I shall only pile a new burden upon your poor sorely tried heart."

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong,"—this shall lead me to the last. It is my confirmation verse . . . There are evil people everywhere, but also many good people. Do you know, I have often thought of our conversations in which you sought to encourage me to gather more spiritual than earthly goods. How right you were! Where have all earthly treasures gone? Vanished like a cloud of vapor . . . I do not fear death. I fear it only as it affects you and our beloved sweet children . . ."

In their forewords, Roman Catholic George N. Shuster calls the book "a sort of hymn," and Protestant Theologian Reinhold Niebuhr says: "It is . . . one of the most rewarding ironies of history that only a very great evil can prompt such martyrdom as these pages . . . illumine . . . While there is a problem for the German nation about the guilt of having allowed the Nazi tyranny to come to power among them, it is fortunately true that the German people were also responsible for the lives and deeds of heroism and martyrdom in which the horrible evil was resisted."

For a free society wherein "men are not called upon to pay for their convictions . . . with the price of their lives," here is a haunting testament from those who paid.

Dark Night of the Soul

BEASTS AND MEN [249 pp.]—Pierre Gascar—Atlantic-Little, Brown (\$3.50).

The proper study of mankind may be man, but writers from Aesop to Kafka to Orwell have found animals just as instructive. The latest to scan human nature in the visage of the beast is French Author Pierre Gascar whose *Beasts and Men* was published as two separate books in France, one of which (*Les Bêtes*) unprecedentedly won both the *Prix Goncourt* and *Prix des Critiques* awards in 1953. Very much in the Kafka tradition, Author Gascar has put together in these short stories as mordant and bone-chilling a set of circumstances as modern literature has had to offer since Kafka wrote *Metamorphosis*, a tale of a timid salesman who woke one morning to find himself in the monstrous shape of a gigantic cockroach.

A Tale of Two Corpses. Gaspar feels no need to transmogrify his humans into animals: World War II and its aftermath, the setting for most of the stories, has already reduced both species to a state of competitive coexistence. One story, *The Animals*, openly pits a band of starving Russian prisoners against a German circus menagerie, uprooted from its East Prussian winter quarters by a Russian offensive. Each morning the Russians line up at the barn door of their makeshift prison to watch the animal keeper toss scraps of meat to the ravenous lions, then slink back to their own mess tins of watery soup. Some new prisoners bring with them a cache of cigars—and the idea of bribing the keeper for the animals' rations. Soon the prisoners are eating not only the lions' meat but, somewhat guiltily, the peaceable bears' bread. Local German police officers get wind of the deal, shoot two of the



French Information Division
NOVELIST GASPAR

With the clenched fists of impotence.

Russians as an example and announce that the animals will get double rations, the men none, for three days. At story's end, the prisoners are nudging one of their number forward past the two snow-shrouded bodies of their comrades to ask the animals' guard if he will trade the day's meat ration for the corpses.

Rot's Alley. In *The Horses*, a corporal named Peer helps care for 800 hunger-crazed horses. As he daily enters the stockade with his bag of oats, the milling, rearing horses snap at the feed and at him. Peer flails at their forelegs, whips their nostrils bloody, pokes out their eyes as if lashing at the perpetual nightmare of the war and hoping in his "state of damnation . . . to reveal the truth about this desolate world." Rarer than the power to shock is Author Gaspar's power to evoke disgust, which he does by combining familiar objects in unfamiliar ways until they become surreal and emetic. In *Gaston* he describes a rat

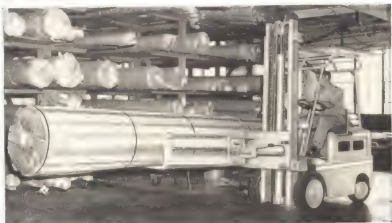
"It looked rather like a great hairy

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carrot; it crouched there as all rats do, as soon as dusk has fallen and there is nothing to distinguish them from a lost slipper or a forgotten rag except that long worm lying along the floor . . . that suspicious-looking shoelace that will suddenly, swift as a whipped top, grow tense with terror." Gaston of the title is a black-spotted rat, as big as a rabbit, and he stalked through the sewers of a French provincial town by the health board and its ratcatchers as assiduously as Melville's Ahab hunted the great white whale. Like *Moby Dick*, the great black rat is a symbol of evil and of an ambiguous enveloping doom far beyond the petty retribution of its death.

A Pockettful of Acorns. What that doom might be—a universal death for all mankind in a new war—Author Gascar hints at most movingly in his last and longest tale, *The Season of the Dead*. It is about the Nazi massacre of east European Jewry. The story is not new, but this is perhaps one of the rare times that a writer of fiction has taken it through the tunnel of horrors into the light of art.

Peter, a captured French soldier, and his buddy are allowed by the Germans to tend the graves of their fellow French in a bucolic cemetery on the outskirts of Brodno, Poland. Peter thinks of death as a quiet neighbor until the freight cars of ill-fated Jews rumble past and the calling and weeping of human voices is carried on the wind until it fades into the distance. "leaving behind it that same serene sky, that store of blue that bewildered birds and dying men can never exhaust."

Serene, too, is the German sentry: "I'm told it's with electricity or gas. Oh, they don't suffer anything." The trains roll on. Finally the Jews of Brodno go, all except one who lives in the trees by day, sleeps in one of Peter's empty graves by night, leaving him tiny scraps of messages ("They've killed them all, Peter, killed them all! What is loneliness?"). The last message Peter finds in the grave is not worded: it is a black jacket with a pocketful of acorns, and its owner is gone—to death or madness, Peter knows not.

The Cry of a Child. The dark night of the soul is a subject that comes naturally to Pierre Gascar. As a five-year prisoner of war, Gascar spent time in a brutal camp in the Polish Ukraine, where he tended graves like his hero Peter, and witnessed the killing of Jews. What *Beasts and Men* lacks, in the profoundest sense, is cosmic relief. In the despairing mind of Author Gascar, God cannot be forgiven for His sin of not existing, Gascar's notion of the universe as a giant rattrap leaves his characters with their necks perpetually broken, like the heroes of Dreiser and O'Neill, and with the same clenched fists of impotence raised against "dat ol' devil" Fate. This may not be the stuff of high tragedy, but it is rich in compassion for humanity's lot. He is one of those writers who, at their best, are touched with the defiance of Ivan Karamazov when he said that he rejected God and the universe if His order rested on the tortured cry of one innocent child.



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Point of Honor. In Tucson, Ariz., police looked for the man who hopped into Walter Prideaux's Chevrolet, robbed him of a gold wedding band, a \$50 watch, \$2 in cash, promised to leave the car at a specified parking space, explained before he drove off: "I'm no car thief!"

Road Hog. In Bielefeld, Germany, Motorist Georg Plaut was fined \$50 for "using insulting language to fellow road users," after he rigged up an illuminated sign in his back window which flashed: SWINE.

You Name It. In Graham, N.C., History Teacher Wilton Hawkins apologized under pressure to the city council for including in a final examination a multiple choice question: "The Graham City Council is largely composed of A) Idiots; B) Ignoramuses; C) Ne'er-Do-Wells; D) You call it, you got it."

Dark Victory. In Nottingham, England, after attending the local movie house three times a week for 45 years, where she was wooed and won by two husbands in the same spot, Mrs. Mary Bettson was offered the seats as a "sentimental token," turned them down, explained: "My present husband and I have pretty well worn them out."

The Searching Mind. In Indianapolis, an eight-year-old browser asked Librarian Louise Hodapp for a special book on hypnotism, "one that will tell me how to hypnotize my brother into washing dishes every night."

The Cruel Sea. In Detroit, Mrs. Nettie Rea testified in divorce court that her husband had spent all his money on boats, never named one after her: "He named them for other women. If I'd been a boat, I'd have been well kept."

Ivy Cover. In Pasadena, Calif., Dan Thrasher, 19, arrested for holding up a gas station, explained to cops: "I was just trying to work my way through college."

Day of Reckoning. In Minneapolis, Kans., Ross Thompson, 76, smashed into a parked car and knocked it into another car, drove 130 feet farther down the street and crashed into a third car, stopped, walked back to survey the first scene of contact, returned and backed out into a fourth car, shifted into forward gear, struck his wife and bounced her off the hood, inflicting three fractures, careened into a brick building, was hospitalized with his wife for multiple bruises.



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